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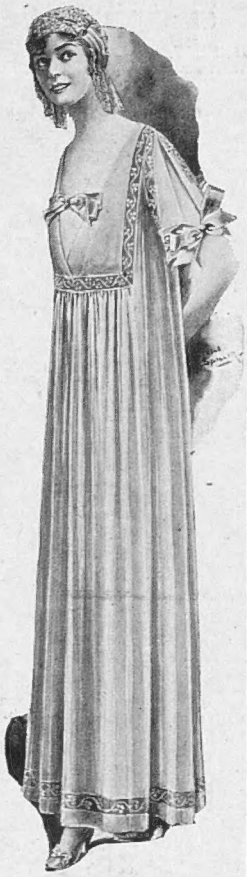

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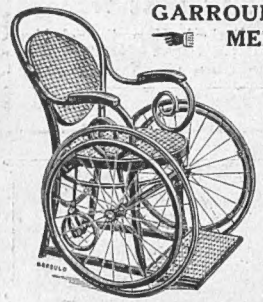

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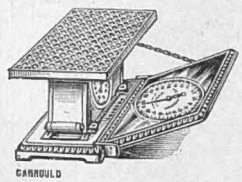

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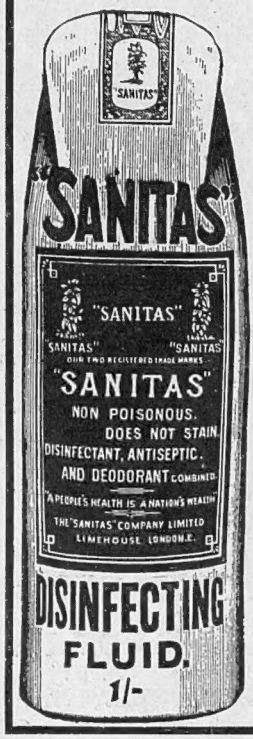

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The Bystander, February 16, 1916.—No. 637. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER

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BY TROOPER J. G. COWELL, WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Shortage of Ginger

TOUJOURS le défecit! Once it was shortage of shells; more recently shortage of wood-pulp; most recently shortage of sugar. Each in its turn raises its squeal in the Cheap Press—"the paper that gives you wood-pulp instead of brains"—and is either remedied with concomitant self-glorification of some Minister or other, or put up with in that sensible way in which the public will put up with any War inconvenience if only the Cheap Press would let it alone. But there is one shortage infinitely more serious than any, seemingly incapable of remedy, and less and less likely to be put up with by the Trenchmen as they grow more and more firmly muddied in their holes. I mean shortage of that priceless commodity—Ginger.

❀ ❀

A German Corner?

FROM shortage of ginger in our conduct of the war we have suffered since the beginning of the war. In a sense it is responsible for every other shortage. It is as invaluable in war as are men themselves. Germany has a corner in it. It oozes out of German's conduct of the war at every pore. You can see it scarcely anywhere in ours, except that part that is conducted on the high seas. Look over the field as it presents itself at this moment—and how much ginger do you perceive in our operations, my masters?

❀ ❀

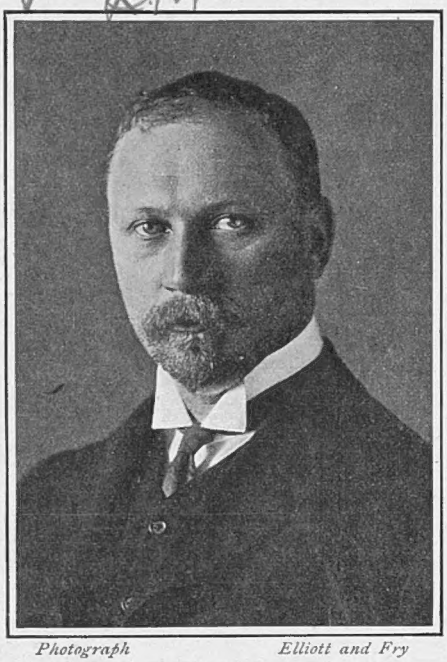
"Please Kick Me"

DO you not rather perceive a disposition to sit about the map of Europe and Asia and say "Please Kick me—I'm spoiling for a scrap, but my unique principle of fighting this war is never to hit till I'm hit first. Do please come and kick me on my Salonica: that's where I'm waiting for it just now. I'm always waiting somewhere. I only did a kick on my own once—you remember I warned you about it months before—when I got you in the Dardanelles, or did you get me there?"

❀ ❀

Hit—and Win

WE are going to win this war, and we are going on fighting till we do win it and until we roll Germany out quite flat and tie her up with a bit of string, and throw her away or burn her if it takes us, not three years, but three generations to do it; but oh, the speeding up that would take place if it were not for that shortage of—ginger! Why does the defensive seem to be everlastingly our rôle? It never won a war yet and we are going to win this one if it takes us (see above). Waiting to be hit first is about as much use as a sick headache, whether you are an individual confronted by a housebreaker or a nation up against a Hun.



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE NEW C.-IN-C. IN EAST AFRICA

General Smuts, who has been given the chief command of the forces in East Africa, in place of General Smith-Dorrien, who has had to relinquish his post owing to ill-health. General Smuts is only forty-five years of age

❀ ❀

When Victory will Begin

IF for the sporting benefit of my children's children I could somehow arrange a bet with posterity I would lay all I could that every history of the war when the war is less than a memory will contain a chapter or a paragraph beginning in some such words as "From that moment Great Britain never looked back. Victory after victory crowned her arms in swift, ceaseless and glorious procession. In every quarter where he was met, the foe broke and gave way utterly before an onslaught which after——years of torpidity in its direction at home burst from its bounds and came upon him with the force and fury of an avalanche."

❀ ❀

Kick—First

THE "From that moment" will refer to the point at which we cease waiting to be kicked, and start kicking first—in a word, when the Government of this country, which is to say the conduct of this war, overcomes its present shortage of—ginger.

❀ ❀

Au Revoir—We Hope

SO for once in a way the prophets were right—a remarkable event in this war! Many well-informed people doubted at the time of Sir H. Smith-Dorrien's appointment to command in East Africa if his health would be capable of standing the strain of a tropical campaign. And, as it happens, they were justified. It is a pity, because Sir Horace is, admittedly, a first-rate General, but perhaps in time he may be available for service in a more temperate climate. After all, a General need not be remarkably active nowadays—though I have never been quite able to believe the story of Hindenburg, crippled with rheumatism, being wheeled about in a bath-chair.

(*Continued on page 274*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 273)

Unshakable

MR. HERBERT SAMUEL'S metaphor at the Newspaper Proprietors' banquet to our Allies of the French provincial press was felicitous and appropriate. Great Britain *is* "an unshakable rock" in the welter of the war. That is, the nation is. We have never been involved in a conflict which enlisted a deeper passion for victory among all classes. The handful of peace-cranks and limelight-seekers don't count. They have never shown their heads at a public gathering yet without getting them badly hit. Leaving them out of the reckoning, as useless for fighting as they are helpless to stem the tide of resolve, every other man, woman, and child is grimly resolved that, cost what it may, Great Britain will hold on to the hammering of Germany until that world's curse is prostrate in the dust.

⁂ ⁂

Peace Terms—Whose?

PEACE now, or soon, would mean a peace agreeable to Germany. That is impossible. Such an end to the war would involve a paper treaty with Germany. A compact of that kind is unthinkable. Germany has no assets to meet the liabilities for which she would be answerable. She is bankrupt. When she invaded Belgium she became an insolvent nation. It is a case of "no effects" in the bank of international confidence.

⁂ ⁂

Made in Germany

CONSEQUENTLY, German "terms of peace" have become a nuisance. If the Kaiser's advisers were not so intoxicated with their own conceit they would have realised by now how little they are concerned with such matters. There will be no peace made in Germany; but there will be a Settlement. A German-made peace would be as counterfeit as German silver, and bear no more resemblance to the genuine article than a German band does to music. No! the Allies will take sole charge of the peace terms; Germany's only connection with them will be that of the criminal to the judge's sentence. "We love Peace too well," exclaimed Anatole France, "to give her a cheap cradle." He means a cradle made in Germany.

⁂ ⁂

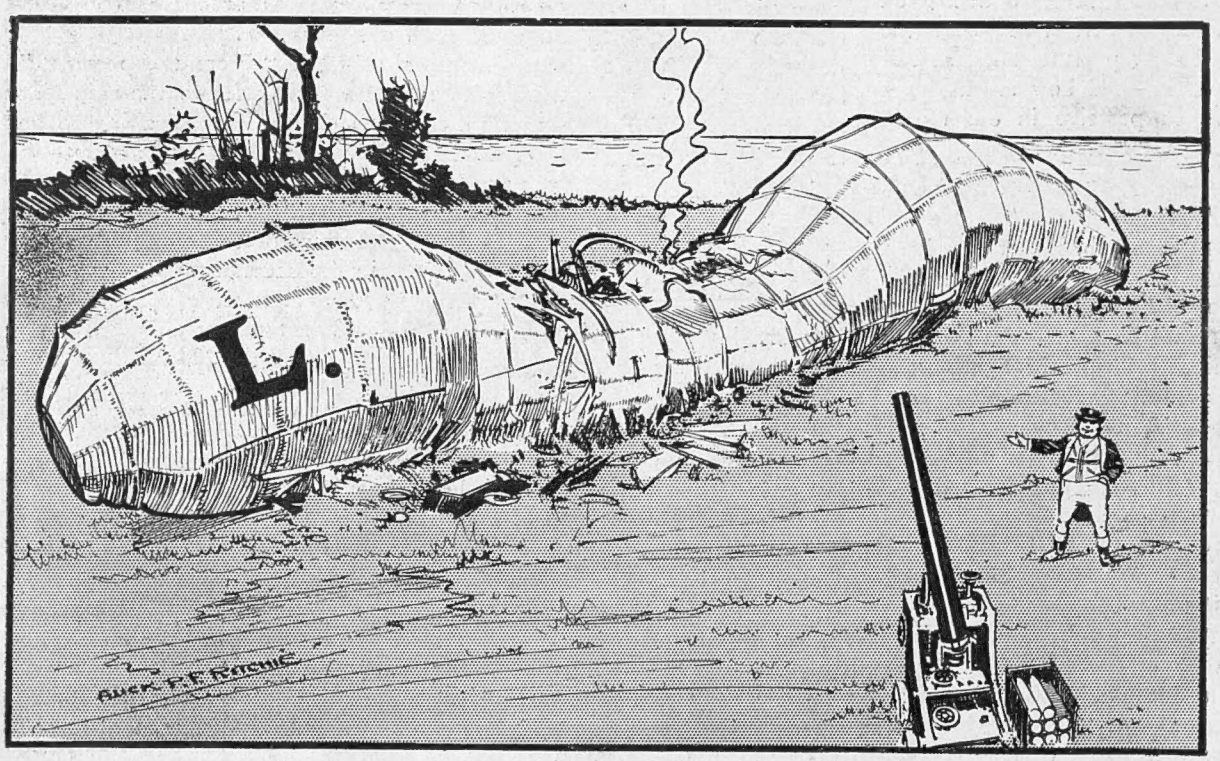
The Luxurious Nut

THE National Thrift Movement is now busy, and everybody is drawing up lists of things that other people ought to be able to do without. From an influential quarter the suggestion has been made that such luxuries as nuts, for instance, could very well be dispensed with at this juncture. This suggestion is fiercely opposed by the Amalgamated Confraternity of Nut-eaters (or whatever they are called), who have risen as one man to combat the heresy that the nut is a luxury, when it is, in fact, the very staff of life. But it is, perhaps, characteristic of us as a nation that having decided to economise on the walnuts and the wine we should begin by virtuously proposing to dispense with the—walnuts.

⁂ ⁂

To Avoid Panics

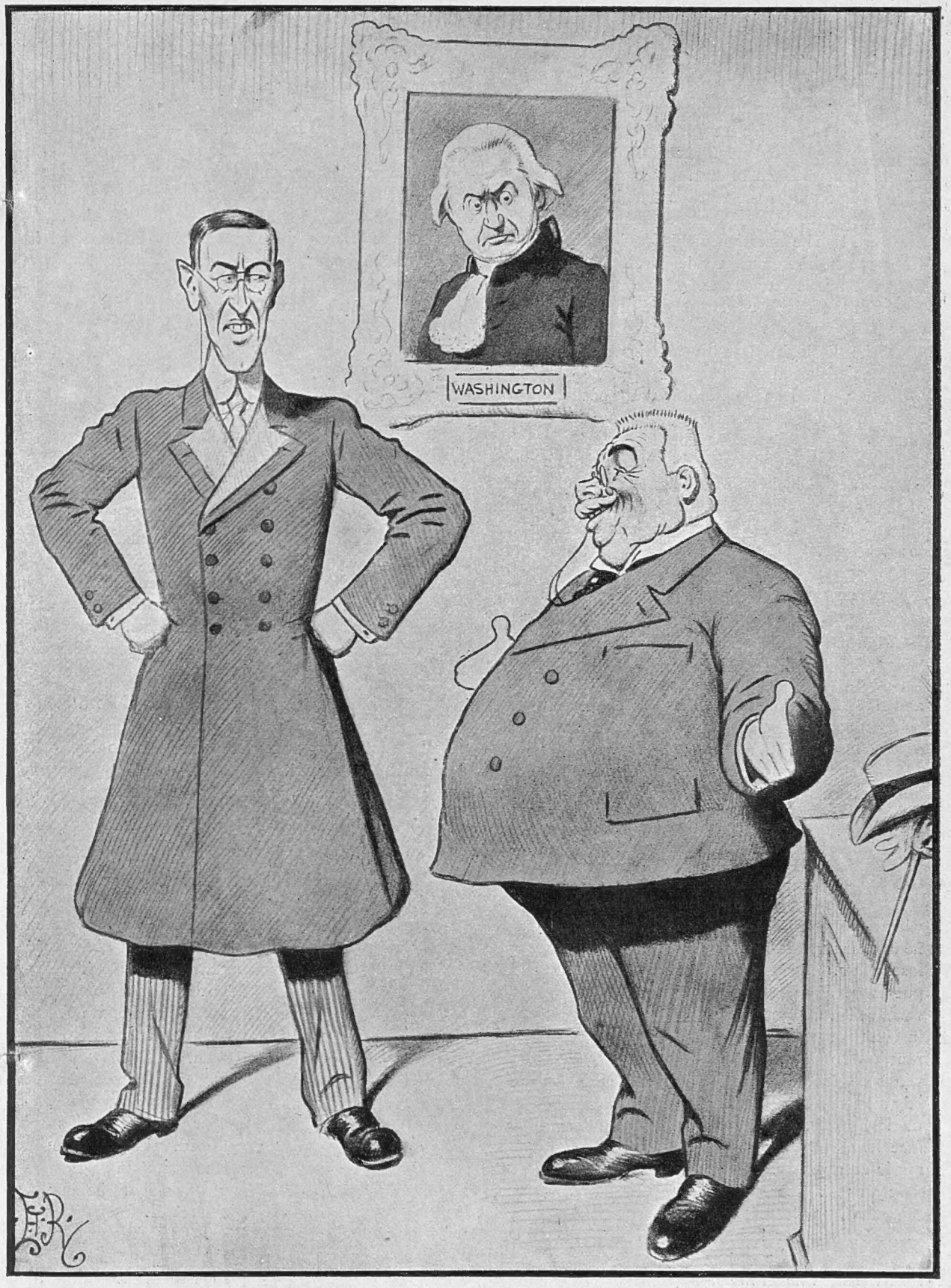
THE question as to whether theatrical audiences should be warned of the presence of Zeppelins in the neighbourhood is now being acutely discussed, and the sense of the meeting, as it were, seems to be in the affirmative. Theatrical audiences have shown themselves to be surprisingly indifferent to Zeppelin attacks. It all comes of the unshakable faith in our immunity from invasion which is bred in the bones of most of us. We appear to be constitutionally unable to realise that the Zeppelins can ever hurt us personally. At the worst they can do no more than injure some of our neighbours. But when a Zeppelin marksman aims a bomb at Liverpool docks and hits a back street in the Midlands, as seems to have happened recently, there is at least the danger of his aiming at Shepherd's Bush and hitting Shaftesbury Avenue at a very inconvenient time.



"L" ON EARTH

A forecast by our optimistic artist of the result of the next air raid

Teuton Logic



PRESIDENT WILSON: "So you still propose to drown American citizens if they travel on ships that are armed?! And pray how can you tell whether they're armed or not if you sink them on sight?!!"

THE CHERMAN: "Oh!! Vell!! My te-ar Vilson!! Surely zey vould not pe so tam voolishness as not to pe armed!!!"

The Question of Lord Fisher's Return

By FRED T. JANE

WHEN Lord Fisher resigned from the Admiralty there immediately came from the public a call for his return, which was based rather on sentiment than on logic. Actually it was immaterial whether he returned or not. It may seem to some a hard saying; but the truth is that he never left the Admiralty save in the purely academical meaning of the word! The question of his academical return or otherwise is, therefore, a side issue. Lord Fisher in the flesh might have gone to Timbuctoo; but Lord Fisher in the spirit would still have ruled at Whitehall.

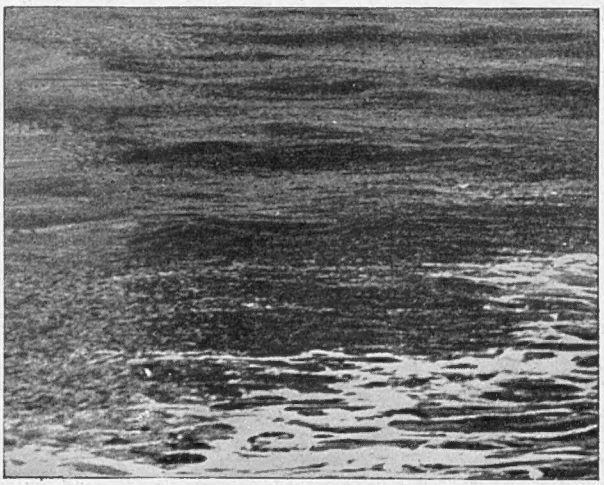
IN the flesh he had to go, just as that other great Admiral before him, Prince Louis of Battenberg, had to go. More than that, neither of them could do without doing the Navy more harm than good. If the nation could not, or would not, read between the lines, with the nation lay the blame. So far as Lord Fisher was concerned, the coping-stone of his work was that Mr. Churchill had to abandon his self-imposed task of teaching our Admirals how to suck eggs.

AND now as to why the return question is a side issue. In no nation do those responsible for war matters—especially those responsible for naval war—wait for war in order to mature their plans.

Not only is everything to the smallest detail cut and dried beforehand in the matter of the strategy to be pursued, but also all naval construction, all matters of *personnel* and training are also framed to the same definite end. And so it is that the main bulk of Lord Fisher's work was done two or three years or more before ever a shot was fired in anger. As to when his work began, it was so long ago that it is almost impossible to fix a date when his influence began first to tell as a moulding feature of the British Navy.

Some might put it so far back as those distant days when, as captain of the Whale Island Gunnery School, he established the *Vernon* torpedo school as a separate institution. For myself, however, I am inclined to put it at about the year 1900, when, as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, he flung to the winds all the old classical ideas about "steam tactics," and had to face some very stormy music accordingly.

It was in those days, too, that, in lectures to the officers under him, he first enunciated the theory that the then novel invention of wireless telegraphy would make scrap iron of many cruisers hitherto needed as links to pass on flag signals.



THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE

An absolutely accurate photographic record of the "Great Naval Battle in the North Sea" of last week

FROM then, for good or evil, our Navy has been a "Fisher Navy." When he went to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord in 1904 he put his words into deeds. He scrapped all the old cruisers, he scrapped many old traditions. He introduced a "New Scheme" for the making of naval officers, and he filled the Admiralty with men who were of his own way of thinking. Any who thought otherwise to him or who opposed him had to go under, and under they went. It is not too much to say that he utterly wrecked the Old Navy and built up a New One on the ruins of the Old.

TO him also we owe the *Dreadnought* and the Dreadnought era, our preponderating superiority in submarines, and various other things too numerous to mention, of which some may be good and some bad, but all of which bear one hall-mark, Modernity and Progress! I believe the following has never appeared in print, but I can vouch for its absolute accuracy. Time was when Lord Fisher believed that the ideal battleship would be armed with 10-inch and 7.5-inch guns. Science made a certain progress. At once he threw the old ideal overboard, and concentrated on the *Dreadnought*, armed with nothing save a primary ten heavy 12-inch guns. From which he since saw us to the 15-inch of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

THE best description I ever heard of Lord Fisher's policy ran as follows:

"He is always discarding the idol of to-day for the fetish of to-morrow."

This is, perhaps, the truest thing ever said about him. Whatever happens, he will go down to history as the greatest iconoclast who ever ruled the British Navy. Everywhere he placed men of like mind to carry on his work, which a great war is now testing. If he was right, we win: if he was wrong we shall go under. It does not make one iota of difference whether or no he sits in the principal chair in the Admiralty Council Chamber at Whitehall. The Navy Lord Fisher created is the Navy we are fighting with, and have to fight with. All the politicians in the country cannot affect the machine which over the years he forged. It matters nothing who sits in the chair of principal honour at Whitehall.

Lord Fisher once told me that I was "the vinegar in his salad." To-day I may seem more like "the sugar in his apple tart." Actually I am neither. I can afford to say what I think, and I say it.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *February* 14, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

I DON'T want to be flippant—Heaven knows there's little enough cause for that these days—but I must confess that life here in England now is, on the face of it, anyway, quite tremendously a matter of legs. Yes, not limbs, just legs *purs et simples*. It *is* a long time, isn't it, since Queen Victoria's day?

"It's quite amusing, and topically typical, too, the shortness of the really right skirt"

ON the khakied multitude—the rest don't count, of course—leggings and puttees and kilts and things have ousted the modest drapery of trousers. And as for us—"Well, I must say I call that cutting it pretty fat, don't you," an astounded, but delighted, sailor-man on leave remarked to me as we surveyed the *chic*-est of the *chic* young women two-stepping at a certain club the other day. And, really, it's quite amusing and topically typical, too, I think, the shortness of the really right skirt.

GREAT thing is to look as much like a sophisticated flapper as possible. But the quaint part is that it's not only the gay and giddy little itlets who are going in for this latest and sauciest style. In the country women doing war work, on the land and that sort of thing, have mostly discarded the old things—skirts, I mean—and any breeches, leggings or topboots left about by husbands and brothers gone, alas! to the war, have come in very useful. I did hear of a vicar's wife who'd become a bifurcated biped—but I don't believe *all* they tell me.

"Women working on the land have mostly discarded the old things—skirts I mean"

BY the way, talking of the country, what a winter it's been, hasn't it? Hardly a real one at all. They say the gardeners are shaking their heads, though, at the fearful precocity of the trees and flowers and birds, and all the rest of the nice country things.

'SPECT it strikes horror to the really well-regulated mind to see the lamblets positively basking in a February sun when by all the rules they ought to be shivering, and as for the birds—well, of course, they never did have any truly moral sense, had they? Perhaps it is, you know, that even these little things have sucked in the spirit of the times. After all, come to think of it, why should a lambkin stay out of the picture any more than me? And why shouldn't the birds "smack it about a bit" if they want to, same as the sailor-men do on leave?

FUNNY, though, isn't it, the way spring does, somehow, make you know it's there? The dear thing's a winner from the word "Go," even in war-time. More than ever you wake up with that feeling that something nice simply must happen, and that you must put on your battle array and go out and meet it. And I really shall think I'm getting really old when I don't celebrate the occasion by falling in love at least twice, and buying at least three hats, and yielding to the fascinations of hyacinths and daffodils in pots whenever I go shopping, and going in wildly for "the wine you drink, the lip you press," sort of touch in the way of literature.

(*Continued on page 278*)

AND forgetting all about my New Year resolutions, too, if any. Sorry to go on quoting Omar, he's *so* out of fashion, I know, but he was quite right, —wasn't he?—about—

"Come fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling."

IF anyone wants a nice trumpeter, by the way, a sort of a war-time pet, I suppose, some R.F.A. men write from the trenches that they'll gladly send me one of theirs in exchange for some more nose-bags. Trumpeters, it seems, are a drug in the market, and nose-bags at a premium, and the sergeant-major's always said that he'd exchange one of them any day for half a dozen nosebags.

"And I really shall think I'm getting old really when I don't celebrate the occasion by falling in love at least twice"

"ANY old bags would do us," say my gallant gunners, "and now we'd like to tell you a few yarns, Blanche. But let us whisper—the captain's going on leave next week, and he's dying to take you out to lunch and pour a few of them into your shell-like ear."

AND one more want, from another R.F.A. man. "We are a mess of three subs. and a major. Could you get a really nice young woman, beautiful, comely, and witty withal, to write to us here?" Well, if there are any still not fixed up, will the beautiful-comely-and-witty-withals write and let me know?

IT'S a Tempy. Tommy at the Front, who tells me how his knowledge of French helped him to get back on a sub. he'd got a grudge against. A French officer's wife (whom he'd met once) had invited the sub. to dinner. At the last moment he couldn't go 'cos of a gas-helmet inspection, or something, and as he didn't know a word of French, he asked the T.T. to write his excuses for him. The T.T. consented, with joy.

IT began something like this: "Je vais mourir à cause de mon amour pour toi, et quand on m'a dit que j'aurai du travailler la dimanche, j'étais desolé. Mon adorée, dis-moi que tu n'es pas fachée sur moi." And after a couple of pages or so it ended up: "Je t'aime, je t'adore, je te baise les mains. Au revoir, mon ange." And the sub. signed it like a lamb. No news yet of the sequel, but the T. T. hopes it'll be something like pistols for two and coffee for one.

"But you must be a bit dashing to get there in the R.F.C., mustn't you?"

BY the way, in sending me the very first copy of their clever and amusing trench-paper, *The Growler*, got together in the mud, the Grenade Company of the Royal Montreal Regiment say, "If you're a man and just playing with our young affections, please send the paper right back." Well—I haven't.

AND I'm also awfully glad to have No. 1, Vol. I., of *The Dump*, sent me "with grateful thanks for happy moments when in the sludgy mire of Flanders by 'C' Company mess, Durham Light Infantry." They say it's to come out every Christmas as long as the war lasts, and arrangements have been made for binding every six numbers in volume form.

IT'S charmingly done, and is chock full of local colour and all the rest of it. There's quite a new clue to the end of the war in this little working-party conversation:

FED-UP No. 1: "D'yer know, mate, wot I think's going to stop this war?"

No. 2: "Wot?"

No. 1: "There won't be no more earth to fill sand-bags."

And here's a typical touch of Tommy shopping among the natives. "*Pang! Pang!*" says one disgusted private to another. "Why the 'ell don't they call it *bread*?"

A FLYING Corps man, by the way, is *very* business-like in a letter I've just had from him. "What are you like? Are you anything like those smushy drawings of Helen McKie's? Will you send me a photo? How old are you? Am I being rude? Will you come out to lunch, tea, or dinner with me when I come home on leave next month? Will you answer this letter?"

NOTHING like going for things direct, is there? No beating about the bush for this fair son of Mars (he encloses a sketch which I'm sure doesn't do him justice). But, of course, you must be a bit dashing to get there in the R.F.C., mustn't you?

AND let me see, what else in England now—besides, of course, all the anxiety and all the mourning, and all that deep, strange excitement which, somehow, seems a part of war? Since the Zepps got busy again lots of the theatres have gone back to their matinées-every-day habit—evening shows only once a week at

(Continued on page 280)

In Jane May's Footsteps

Photograph *Yevonde*

LADY CONSTANCE MALLESON

Or, to give her her stage name, Miss Colette O'Neil, the charming and talented daughter of Priscilla Countess of Annesley, as she appears in the rôle of "Phrynette" in "L'Enfant Prodigue" which she assumed at the Duke of York's Theatre on Saturday last

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 278)

some of them. But it's said to be surprising even the managers that in war-time some, I believe it's 70,000 people, have money and leisure and inclination to fill places like the Coliseum or the Hippodrome, for instance, every single day of the week.

⁂ ⁂

AUDIENCES, too, that don't ask for anything too fearfully civilised or subtle, or even just beautiful, as long as there's plenty of nice noisy noises. I've just been reading about a piano that's to be "the goods" at a new revue at the Empire this week—it's got a thirty-foot keyboard and takes six people to play it, and in New York they said "Aw, Gee! But that's some piano!"

⁂ ⁂

WELL, well, takes all sorts to make a world, doesn't it, and it's good for trade and that sort of thing, I suppose, that—

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,"

aren't paradise enow for all of us. (Omar again—simply can't get away from him, somehow.)

⁂ ⁂

ALL the same, this appalling *emptiness* of the crowd—it's not the best of signs, is it? I always think the people who *must* be amused every minute are such really dreadful specimens, scum on the wine of a world that's so wonderful there's quite enough to do, really, just to sit and think about it.

⁂ ⁂

THOUGH, of course, I know there aren't many people who ever even get the chance of doing that these hustling days, except poets, who do it though they can't afford to, and Royalties, who can afford to, but don't. Which reminds me the Prince of Wales has got to buckle to his job as soon as ever the war's over, may be sooner, and there's more talk about a marriage arranged.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

I.—THE ENEMY SOLDIER AS IMAGINED BY ENEMY ARTISTS AND—

II.—THE ENEMY SOLDIER AS HE REALLY IS

By Major Ray

Veteran of the Egyptian Campaign

Photographs] THE LATE EARL OF KINNOULL *[Swaine and Photo Press*

Whose death occurred at Hove on the 7th inst, in his 61st year. Originally a lieutenant in the 1st Black Watch, he subsequently became a Colonel of Egyptian gendarmerie, and served as Chief of Staff to Baker Pasha during the Red Sea campaign, receiving the Egyptian Medal, the Bronze Star, and other awards. A Deputy-Lieutenant and a J.P. of Perthshire, his loss will be deeply felt in the County where he and Lady Kinnoull (whose portrait is inset) had resided at Balhousie Castle of late years and were always actively engaged in promoting the welfare of our soldiers and sailors. He is succeeded by his grandson, Lord Hay of Kinfauns

Neutral-Tinted Norway

BY A BYSTANDER IN CHRISTIANIA

NORWAY'S straw-haired maids have saved Norway from capture by the Kaiser. They have saved the Army. The first thing that happened to me when I got out of the Hovedbanegaard—which is Christiania's chief station—was the thrusting under my nose of a greasy leaflet with the word "REVOLUTION." The thruster was a dirty man. The leaflet contained other things which I did not understand—mostly shaggy-looking words full of o's with strokes through them. It referred, I discovered, to Norway's Great Compulsory Service System, to the straw-haired maids (who are Norway's Lord Derbys); and to the fear of REVOLUTION brought by Norway's MILITARISM.

❀

CHRISTIANIA consists of one street, some wharves, and many Consuls. The one street is Karl Johann's Gade. It starts at the dirty man, runs past the Storthing House, the Grand Hotel, the National Theatre, and the University, and ends at Haakon's palace. North of Karl Johann's Gade, Christiania is all suburb, and south it is all wharf. The wharf part has an ill-paven, unlicked, Canning-Towny look; you easily lose your way there; and if you ask your way, the man you ask is sure to be a Consul. Before I was five minutes on the wharf I met the Dutch, the Danish, and the Russian Consuls.

❀

THE Consuls told me the epic tale of how Women saved Norway from Kaiser Wilhelm. I got here on the morn of a General Election, fought on the Defence Question. Norway's Defence Question is whether Norway will tolerate the Potsdamodespotismilitarism of Compulsory Service for ninety days. The first State to give its citizens ninety days' training was militarist Sweden. When Sweden did this, a thrill of suspicion ran through Norway; and somebody coined the epigram:

"Sweden's ninety days mean tears;
The end of Norway's thousand years."

Sanguinary Sweden went from bad to worse; she now has 365 days; and Norway, after tragic controversies, adopted ninety. This became law only through threatening the nation with Germany. Norway's Socialists are against all armaments. They say that if Kaiser Wilhelm assails Norway, Norway must make no defence whatever. They are called "Defence-Nihilists." No defence.

PREMIER GUNNAR KNUDSEN, backed by the straw-haired maids, has routed the Socialist Defence-Nihilists. The Socialists had twenty-three Storthing members against Knudsen's seventy; and they fought this election on the well-reasoned platform: "No Conscription; the present war proves that small States are safe without armies." Everyone expected that the women, now that they have the vote, would vote for disarmament. But they voted for Knudsen; the ninety days Potsdespotism was saved; Norway remains a "Militarist" State; and the straw-haired maids have done it.

❀

AS Wilhelm cannot conquer Norway with his Army, he is trying to conquer it with his agents. This town is full of Germans, who try to buy Norway. They live at the Grand Hotel, and less distinguished places; and tell everyone that as Britain owns *all* the capital in Norway's shipping companies, Norway *must* be pro-English. Chief German is Baron (or Herr) von Lindner, a considerable banker who lately visited Stockholm, and tried to buy up the pro-English *Dagen's Nyheter*. He offered Fru Kleen, a lady journalist, £1,500 if she got pro-German articles into the paper; and Fru Kleen, instead of taking the £1,500, gave the show away in a lively book on German intrigues called "The High Game."

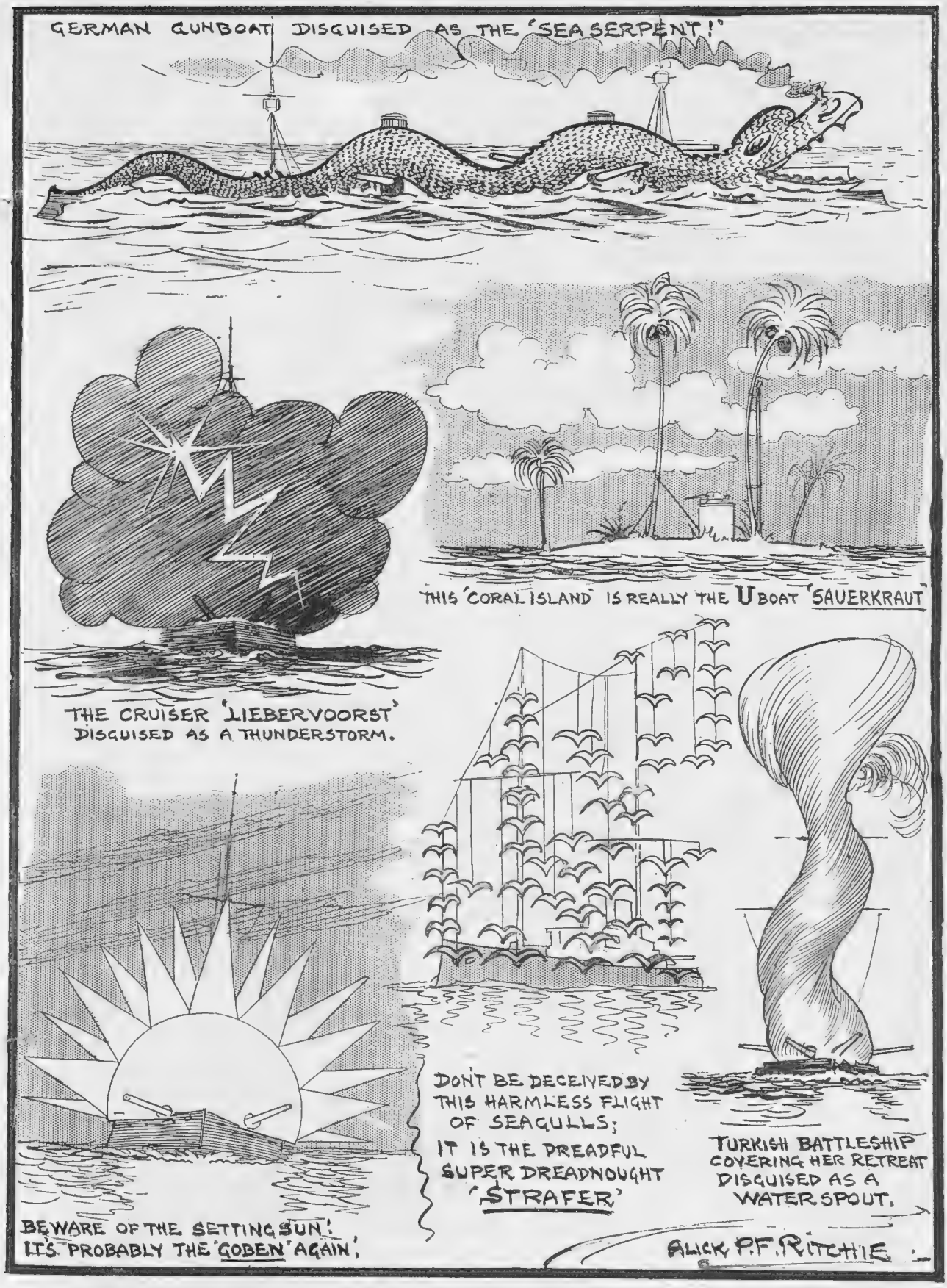
❀

EXCEPT for Defence Agitation and Germans there is not much here to remind one of war. Christiania does not hurry. In some respects she is still in the halcyon pre-War age. The Central Theatre is producing as a startling novelty *Miss Hook of Holland*. I searched all the cinemas, and even visited the *Chat Noir*, in search of something sanguinary and topical. At last I hit upon a production called *Polish Blood*. "Polish" and "Blood" promised topical excitement. The production proved to be a mild operette. Apart from these things, Christiania's only excitement is listening to Professor Vogy's lectures on "Family Politics." The professor proves that married men live longer than bachelors and drink less.

THE WORST NEWS OF ALL!

[*According to a telegram from Amsterdam, a large meeting of café owners held at Kassel adopted a resolution protesting against the increased price of beer.*]

Appamemoranda



MERCHANTMEN, BEWARE OF ENEMY BATTLESHIPS IN DISGUISE!

A few suggestions offered by our artist to skippers on our trade-routes, indicating the sort of thing they must be on their guard against if they wish to escape the fate of the "Appam"

It's an Ill Wind—

"But I heard it! The first thing I've heard for twenty years"

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

DEAR "Quidnunc" has been ill. We have kept it very quiet, as newspapers are so shockingly free with their headlines just now, and Mr. Asquith has said that it is vital that everyone should think of the war, and of nothing but the war. Yet while people have actually been concerning themselves over the Kaiser's carbuncle, and even worrying over Zepps or wearily speculating on the end of the war the great "Quidnunc" has been ill, and no one knew it. Perhaps even now the Censor will not pass the news for publication.

❀ ❀

ISN'T it wonderful how illness changes one's point of view? A friend who sought to amuse me actually, but quite naturally, read out some of my very own "Quidnuncs" to me in utter ignorance of their real authorship. Pausing for approval, he was pelted with indignant abuse. There was something, I remember, about the wickedness of interfering with our liquor. How *could* I ever have written such stuff? Why should we have liquor any time or anywhere? I have to go without it. If it's bad for *me* it must be bad for others. Cheers for the Government!

❀ ❀

THEY'VE stopped my smoking, too. And I'm very grateful. Of course I am. Do you know that now for the first time, since a lad, I can taste and smell? I realised this after lunch to-day. I was to have had one single little glass of port. I did not want it, but I was to have it by doctor's orders. Well, I could *taste* that port. And I smelt it as I never smelt port before. It was a dream—indeed it *is* a dream; for quite dreamingly I drank the whole bottle. It was a wicked, piggish thing to do. And so I am to have no more port at all. Serve me right. D——n!!

❀ ❀

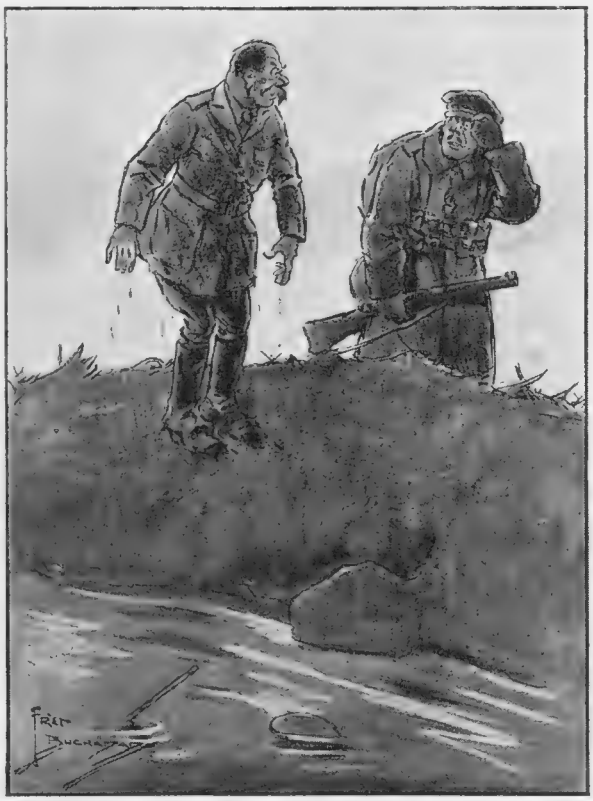
THE latest bit of moonshine is that the Government is to be turned out over the Zepps. Did anyone ever hear such silliness? The Government has shown all along that it utterly ignores gasbags. And it's a good Government. It stays. You can be sick for a fortnight and be sure that the Government will still be there. I could name one or two big public men who've been sick for years, but the Government is still there. And they are not.

❀ ❀

I ADMIT that the Zepp business is serious. But I think we are scarcely honest about them. All the time we can spare from denouncing Zepps as being infamous, we devote to sorrowing that we are without them ourselves. But there is one little problem that interests me immensely. How are they going to keep London in darkness on beautiful summer nights? And what will the lovers do?

❀ ❀

LOVERS indeed! Lack-a-day—we shall have a spring without lovers. The wounded have to be in early, they tell me, so no light love laughter of lads and lassies will bring joy to the lanes this year. Well, we must do *our* best, that's all. We should never be forgiven if, when the boys come home, the girls don't know how to be nice to them. So will gentlemen otherwise ineligible for service kindly send names and addresses to "Mrs. Quidnunc"? Ladies under twenty (of the most prepossessing appearance only) should apply to the great "Quidnunc" himself.



THE STRAIGHT TIP

OFFICER (to private who has rescued him from a "Jack Johnson" hole into which he had fallen): "Thanks. If there is anything I can do for you——"

PRIVATE: "The best thing you can do for me, sir, is to say nothin' about it. If the other blokes knew I'd pulled you out, they'd shove me in!"

❀ ❀

THAT good people should be thinking of the future of our fighting men when the war is over is excellent. This "Wounded Soldiers on the Land" proposal should, however, be carefully examined. To begin with, only a very small percentage of townsmen are any good on the land, and I fail to see that they will be better for the reason that they are wounded.

❀ ❀

THE further question arises as to the agricultural value of wounded countrymen on the land. It is a hard life in all weathers that is the lot of the tiller of the soil. I fear that the weather would soon find their wounds. Lighter work, the growing of flowers and vegetables, might well be within their compass, and serious thought might be given to that.

❀ ❀

BUT before anyone goes back to the land there must be good cottages. The shortage before the war was near to a quarter of a million. It is an increasing shortage owing to the age of the buildings. Why not

(*Continued on page 286*)

THINGS THAT DON'T MATTER (concluded from page 285)

get the land, or, rather, the homes on the land ready *now?* Unless our good soldiers have a nice cottage with a good garden and a bit of land they will not *stay* in the wilderness, even thoug we may persuade them to make a trial of it.

❀ ❀

We may be sure that all sorts of cranks and faddist societies will attempt to exploit the wounded soldier. They alone will be able to make him happy, and they will, of course, appeal for funds to carry on the great work. Then, advertising committees and patrons (who do *not* subscribe), and needy and adventurous secretaries, will be very busy. Many of the public will be robbed, but—and this is the point—the wounded soldier, poor fellow, will be left exactly where he was before.

❀ ❀

The question of his employment must not be dealt with piecemeal. It should be undertaken by a national committee acting in the name of the Government. And on this committee there should be strong representation of our great Colonies and Dependencies.

❀ ❀

Every wounded man must be the Empire's care. This is a high obligation of honour that must not be shouldered off on to other persons. It must not be a private matter, but a public duty. The money claim must be the first of all monies voted, and it must come from national funds. This will be painful reading for the busybodies who are already at work on appeals, but it is about time that they and those who hunt with them were taken sternly in hand.

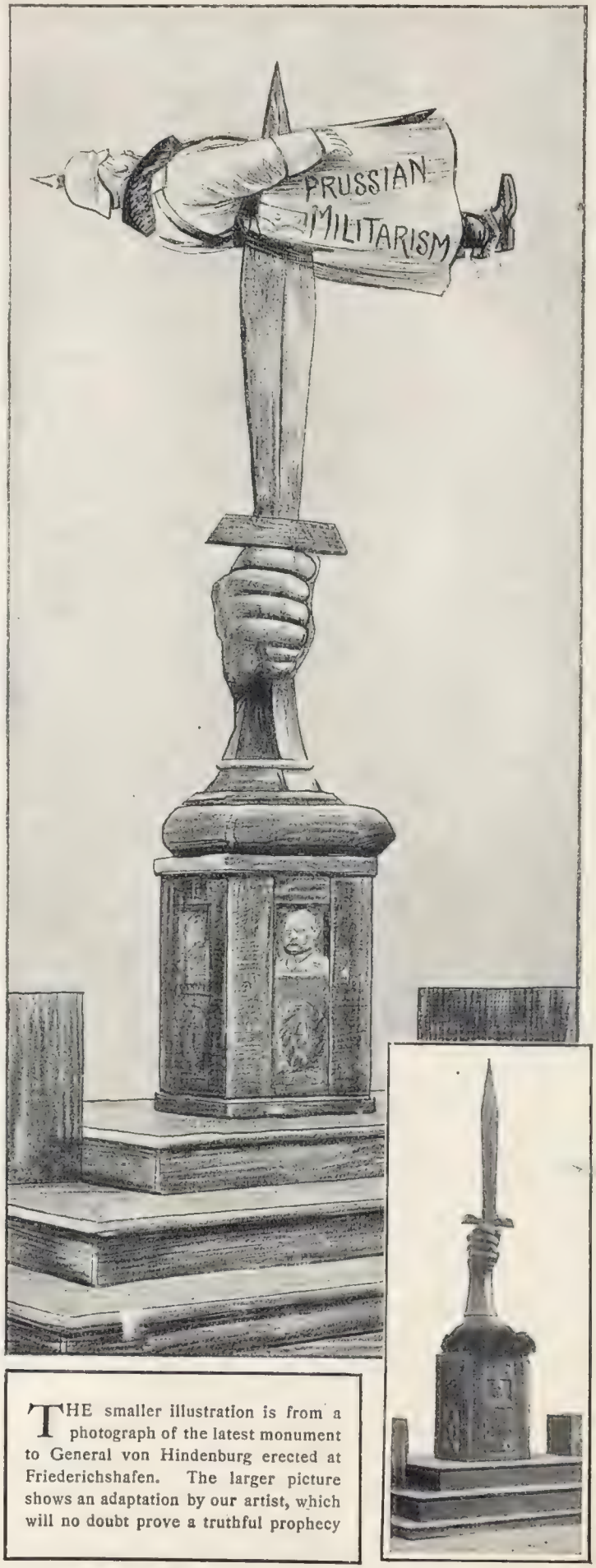
❀ ❀

And wounded officers—what about them? Is the wound gratuity to be our humble thank-offering for what they have given us? Are they to be put on farms? What is to happen to them? Their present provision is scandalous. We must look into this. And those who think with us will write to us. These are some things which stay-at-homes can never repay—but we can at least be grateful and just to the point of the full expression of gratitude.

❀ ❀

As for the war—which under increasing exasperations at home we are tempted to forget—there are only two ways of beating Germany. The one is to crush her and the other to starve her. Now I am for the starvation method. We pretend that we are doing it. We are not *really* doing it. If you trade with the enemy direct you are prosecuted. If you trade with a neutral who acts as a forwarding agent you are apparently safe, and you make a fortune. But you should be shot for doing it, and the Government should be hanged if they allow you to do it.

"They That Live By The Sword—"



The smaller illustration is from a photograph of the latest monument to General von Hindenburg erected at Friederichshafen. The larger picture shows an adaptation by our artist, which will no doubt prove a truthful prophecy

Disillusioned

"'AREMS AIN'T EVERYTHING!"

THE NEAR HEREAFTER

VI.—THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY

In so far as Society is an affair of feasts and fine raiment, of pearls and palaces, it has, I think, a quarter of a century's sleep before it. After all, if duchesses are to be as poor as curates' wives what else can one expect? And be sure of it—we *are* to be poor, all of us—very, very poor indeed. We may not be taxed out of existence, but we shall certainly not "live" as we have been living. And the taxation has not even begun as yet—as we are to have it. So let us be resigned—and cheerful.

Of course, Society has had its troubles before this. Society was a county possession until Commercialism came along. Millions were the pearls in those days. Society condescended to swallow them up. But now it is the absence of millions. It is the spectre of Poverty that will stalk down Park Lane and through the squares. And what will Society do? I promise myself vast amusement while I wait and see.

Before War Taxation is done with, some surprising changes will have to be faced. Take the man who on the day that war broke out had a million. Well, he will be very fortunate indeed if he emerges with a fourth of the whole. We were assured that the great fortunes were held in trust for others; we shall soon find that they are very useful to all. Of course, everyone will be paying according to their capacity, and the very rich will only be paying more because they have more to pay with. It will be quite interesting to see what is done with the big houses. The demands for convalescent homes will usefully absorb many of them—especially in the country. In Town the solution will be different. Residential clubs will be greatly needed—inexpensive affairs—where families in reduced circumstances can club together and keep the flag flying.

Even if the money were available to keep any of the great houses going—the servant difficulty would be insuperable. After the war, when the claims of increased production will be most urgent, it will be unthinkable that anyone should be allowed to remove effective workers to a domestic backwater. The strong, young able-bodied man-servant, as we knew him before the war, was really an economic crime. He has gone for ever. He looked very nice in his knee breeches, but in future he must be useful. He must use his strength to *make* things.

The servant difficulty is really the key to everything. It stops the invasion of wealthy neutrals, for instance. London Society being on the rocks, hungry and desolate, very good and very dull, what more delightful than for America to rush in with her war-wealth and give some of us some of it back? Economically this would be very bad for us, and it must be prevented. It would give a fillip to dying trades of luxury—which *must* die. Our only chance of becoming well-off again depends on the way in which *everyone* plays the industrial game. There must be waste neither in man nor effort.

I fancy the only real trouble will come from Labour. We may have a Labour Government in the distant future, but even now Labour is grasping at luxuries with both hands. Most of this season's oysters are being consumed by the labouring classes (and they don't eat them nicely, either), and Labour has suddenly developed a great love for port (happily for inferior port). It really looks as if Labour, Mrs. Labour, and Miss Labour are out for their fling. If so—with the legislative machine behind them—they will do their best to have it at the expense of everyone else. But there is compensation in that. We are sure to be robbed, but we are certain to be amused.

Of course, nice people will be nice wherever they are. It will be a case of manners before money, if you please. And there will be excitement in digging for the remains of Society. We can imagine an obituary notice of a Duchess: "The deceased lady had lived at Upper Tooting, and had been known as Mrs. Browne. No one ever suspected her rank, and she was generally considered most respectable."

This prospect may be condemned as being fancifully gloomy. Whether it be a correct anticipation of coming events or not—one thing is absolutely certain. Wasteful luxury in the years before us will not merely be outrageously bad form; it will not be tolerated. And, frankly, I do not believe that anyone will have the money for it—not even the working-classes. Meantime, Society will be all the stronger. If we are unable to dine well, we may learn to talk well—or some of us to listen well. We may chance again on an age of wits and poetasters, and all kinds of amusing and scandalous people. Personally, I look forward to it—don't you?

[The End]

The previous articles in this series have been entitled:

1.—WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.
2.—WILL THERE BE REVOLUTION?
3.—WARRIOR VERSUS WAR-MONGER?
4.—THE PLIGHT OF THE PROFESSIONAL CLASSES.
5.—THE FUTURE OF WOMAN.

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Where General Smuts is in Charge

AEROPLANE VIEWS FROM THE EAST AFRICAN FRONT

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUFIGI DELTA

Taken from an aeroplane flying along the Coast. The Rufigi is the largest river of German East Africa. It enters the sea through a delta opposite the Island of Mafia

THE GERMAN GUNBOAT "KOENIGSBERG" AND TWO STORE-SHIPS

"Shot" in the Rufigi Delta from the observer's seat of an aeroplane at a height of 700 feet during a reconnaissance. She was ultimately destroyed by the British Monitors.

Completely Flummoxed

Sudden shock experienced by the crew of a German Submarine on meeting a steamer flying the flag of the German Mercantile Marine

"Somewhere in Flanders"

NEW FLOWERS OF SPEECH BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

No man can be expected to give of his best when clad in poor and shoddy raiment, and it was the recognition of this simple truism which induced a grateful Government to fit the Belgian soldier out in a uniform which is the admiration of all who are privileged to behold him. Discretion forbids me to describe it, but there can be no harm in opining that the obvious increase of *moral* inculcated in the human soul by a good, warm, and nice-looking tunic should certainly justify the expenditure incurred on the outlay. Even in the bad old days the Belgian soldier was proved to be a simple, cheery soul, a ready quip on his tongue, fond of his bit of fun when he could get it, and never in the blues, and to-day in his grateful new outfit he threatens to break into a song and dance at the slightest provocation.

⁂ ⁂

But to raise the *moral* of the Belgian to the highest pitch to which humanity can aspire, to a pinnacle of enthusiasm that would carry all before it, it is only necessary to turn for aid to the humble Sam Browne belt. It is very strange, but true. What a new hat is to a woman so is a Sam Browne belt to a Belgian soldier. As a mother tends her puling first-born so does the Belgian lavish his tender solicitude upon the upkeep of this comfortless adjunct.

⁂ ⁂

I think one of the minor surprises of the great world war to the Frenchman who has found himself in frequent contact with British troops must be the peculiar subtlety and richness of phrase embodied in his native tongue, a richness hitherto undreamt of, and which might have lain dormant to the crack of doom had not destiny decreed the association in arms of the *Entente* nations. If, in faltering conversation, you find yourself able to grasp that you are being asked your opinion, for example, on some new scheme of frightfulness that it is reported the enemy are preparing you have only to reply "*Je suis sûr que c'est tout mon œil*," and your Ally will go away happy with the knowledge that you are certain that there is no reason whatsoever to believe the report.

⁂ ⁂

Again, who has not been pestered by inconsiderate children for collar badges, pennies, cigarettes, and such like baubles; accede to their shrill demands, and you are a marked man for the remainder of your sojourn in the village. You have, then, only to reply, "*Rien faisant! Allez donc!*" and the little knot of *gamins* will melt away like magic, conscious that they are up against an entirely hopeless proposition.

⁂ ⁂

It is, again, permissible (and comprehensible) when you have a certain job to do to observe, "*C'est mon pigeon, ça.*" And in cases where a little awkwardness is experienced in sustaining conversation with Allied soldiers it will be found a good plan to break the ice with "*Et comment va votre père*—alright?" thus displaying a kindly neighbourly solicitude for your comrade's relations, which will make him your friend for life.

⁂ ⁂

There is little doubt that just as the English vocabulary will be supplemented for all time by "*Kultur*," "*strafe*" and the like, so will the pretty French language for centuries to come remain enriched by idiomatic flowers of speech which will excite the wonder and admiration of the tourists of the world.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

THE LIMIT

"Opener's broke—bayonet's busted—and I've lorst me bloomin' knife!"

By Second-Lieutenant C. E. B. Bernard

Those Superstitions

Private Sandy McNab cheers the assembly by pointing out (with the aid of his pocket almanac) that it is Friday the 13th and that their number is one too many

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The New Submarine Danger

"They'll be torpedoin' us if we stick 'ere much longer, Bill"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

The Mother *of* "Dug-outs"

I'VE come from a "dug-out" in Flanders,
From the mud, the blood, and the doubt;
I've come to a city that panders
To the men who haven't been out.

When the date of my leave was certain
I thought, as I hurled hand-grenades,
Of the ladies "behind the curtain"
And the fun of the Promenades.

I thought of the music and laughter,
The Song, the Passion, the Dance;
I thought of the bad head-aches after,
And the wearisome journey through France.

But I've come to a city of doom:
No Song, no Women, no Wine,
And I wander about in the gloom,
Searching for somewhere to dine.

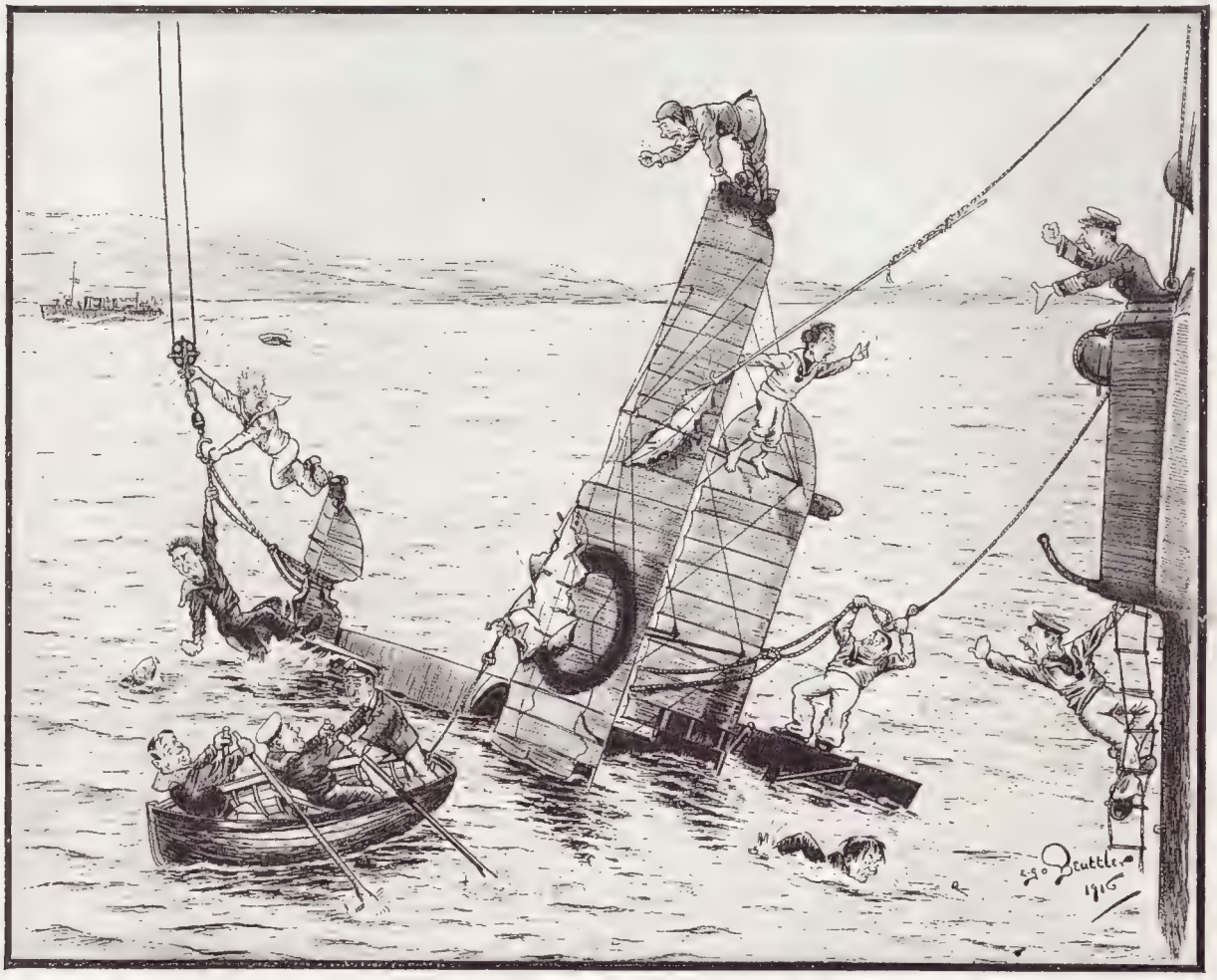
The rest'rants are full of the others:
Of traders, shirkers and spies,
Home-service men and their mothers,
And the men who are "held by home ties."

The night-clubs are closed at twelve-thirty,
The bright promenades are all bare.
In the streets that are darkened and dirty,
That's where you'll find them—there.

Are we a nation defeated—
To be spat upon, jeered at and cursed—
Or are all these changes completed
By the plan that a Great Prig has nursed?

I want to go back to excitement,
To laughter, whiskey, and shell,
To life's joy and pain—death's enlight-'ment—
I want to go back to—Hell.

RONALD FRANKAU



WATER-PLANE WORRIES: A REGRETTABLE INCIDENT

The aeroplane-carrier is usually an old liner converted. She carries about a dozen planes, and there is much bustle and excitement when a flight takes place. Sometimes a little "contretemps" of the kind illustrated occurs, but even if it results in damage to the machine, the pilot hardly ever suffers any harm

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

No Compulsion Needed Here

AUSTRALIA'S ANSWER TO THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

A CONTINGENT OF COUNTRY RECRUITS

Crossing the Blue Mountains in New South Wales in the course of their 320-mile march to Sydney, whither they went in order to enlist

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

The same contingent entering the town of Sydney, where they were greeted by large and enthusiastic crowds, and marching past the General Post Office. After being sworn in, they were sent to the camp at Liverpool, N.S.W., for training

The Camera in Society

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

THE HON. MRS. WALTER TREFUSIS

Whose husband, a half-brother of Lord Clinton, joined the Royal Naval Division in 1914, and is now interned in Holland. A daughter of Sir Henry Graham, K.C.B., Mrs. Trefusis is an accomplished actress, and appeared at the Ambassadors Theatre with Miss Viola Tree in "Dinner for Eight." Now she is interested in many war charities

The Vision Feminine

JILL OF ALL TRADES

BY "EFEMERA"

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

It is not so very long ago since Jill was restricted to the lady-like occupation of dancing attendance on her nearest male relative, or in some capacity ministering to his comfort. Those having no such relative, and others for the time being deprived of male help, society and comfort, were supposed to fill the aching void with domestic business, wool-work, water-colour drawing, and visits to such of the deserving (and deferential) poor as were indicated by the vicar. All very genteel, no doubt, but hardly a career.

* *

Then came the period of unrest, when the more energetic and intelligent women tired of being merely ladylike.—By-the-bye, how would the average man enjoy being called "gentlemanlike" as the ultimate expression of praise?—It was a period of discomfort, aggressiveness, bitter disappointments, and a certain measure of success.

* *

The war brought a truce, and with it, too, oddly enough, many of the opportunities which women had been demanding. The doors of the male sanctuary were, at least, set ajar. What with female 'bus-conductors, munition-workers, ticket-punchers, van-drivers, etc., not to mention ladies in various brands of khaki and other uniforms, such feminine pursuits as domestic service bid fair to be abandoned—unless with the coming of peace the dispossessed male worker takes them up in self-defence. But, after all, why not a male housemaid? They flourish in France, and as for the East. . . . I remember an elderly and most respectable lady stopping in Ceylon on her way to Japan, who boasted of the friendly assistance given by her chambermaid. Her dismay on learning that the supposed maid was no other than a man tricked out in petticoat, chignon, and tortoiseshell comb can better be imagined than described. As for the male nursemaid, was not the last generation reared on the pious tale of "Little Harry and His Bearer"? But this is, perhaps, beside the point.

* *

What we have to envisage is the possible, perhaps probable, effect on Jill of the various trades which she has assumed in these times of stress. Certainly discipline of a military nature, and still more the wearing of uniform, must have some effect on her character and habits. That it has done so already is illustrated by a story told me by a friend who holds a commission in one of the numerous women's corps. A private in her platoon, discoursing on the sense of dignity engendered by the wearing of uniform, spoke as follows:

"Me and my young man was sitting out in the Park last Saturday night, and it suddenly came over me as how we hadn't ought to be carrying on like that—*both of us in uniform.*"

Yes, I daresay we shall see some startling changes.

* *

"We hadn't ought to be carrying on like that—both of us in uniform"

Why should not the saleswoman, for instance, greet her customers with a salute and recite the orders of the day, as set forth in the shop advertisement? I have visions of my cook, halting outside my door in the morning until she can recollect the countersign, and standing smartly to attention while we discuss the market prices of beef and mutton, the alternative merits of fish and a made-up *entrée*. What a boon to the anxious housekeeper military discipline in the household would be.

(*Continued on page 298*)

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 297)

Consider the advantages of being able to meet complaints with a sharp "About turn. Quick march!" or of rewarding the breakage of china not with a sickly, resigned smile, but "Cells—for your next evening out!" One would almost have guard mount by selected squads from the Noble Army of Charwomen? Present pails! Fix scrubbing-brushes! I daresay that they would preserve their present uniform—for who could imagine a charwoman minus her rusty bonnet and convenient cape—so useful as a receptacle for cakes of soap. How orderly and admirable life will become.

"Standing smartly to attention while we discuss the market prices"

* *

OF course, the nursing profession has already a rigid brand of etiquette—as anyone who has enjoyed the ministrations of some stern disciplinarian of a nurse will attest. So far the nursery has remained outside the pale. Each one has had its own code, dependent upon the lady installed as autocrat.

* *

HERE we may look for a decided change. Martial law will be the rule, not the exception. Behold the children lined up for toothbrush or bath drill; behold them detailed for fatigues such as tidying away toys. Baby will not be allowed to cry or to throw his spoon on the floor, he will be marched by a schoolroom squad to the corner and guarded there until good again. The penalty for beheading dolls will be instant degradation to the ranks—instead of no jam for tea.

* *

BEHOLD, also, battalions of nursemaids with their charges in perambulators, drilling in open formation in the parks, or paraded in honour of some retired head-nurse. . . .

And the conscientious parlourmaid will punch all visiting-cards before admitting callers to the drawing-room.

EFEMERA

the authority in one's household possessed by a captain in his ship—a thing I have often envied.

* *

THINK, too, of the possibilities held out by an honourable discharge, balanced by the threat of dismissal in disgrace. What is a reference? Nothing in comparison. And then D.S.O. medals for extraordinary feats of spring-cleaning, Christmas dinner, etc., and, of course, appropriate minor decorations in recognition of efficiency, initiative when six more people turn up than were expected, etc., etc.

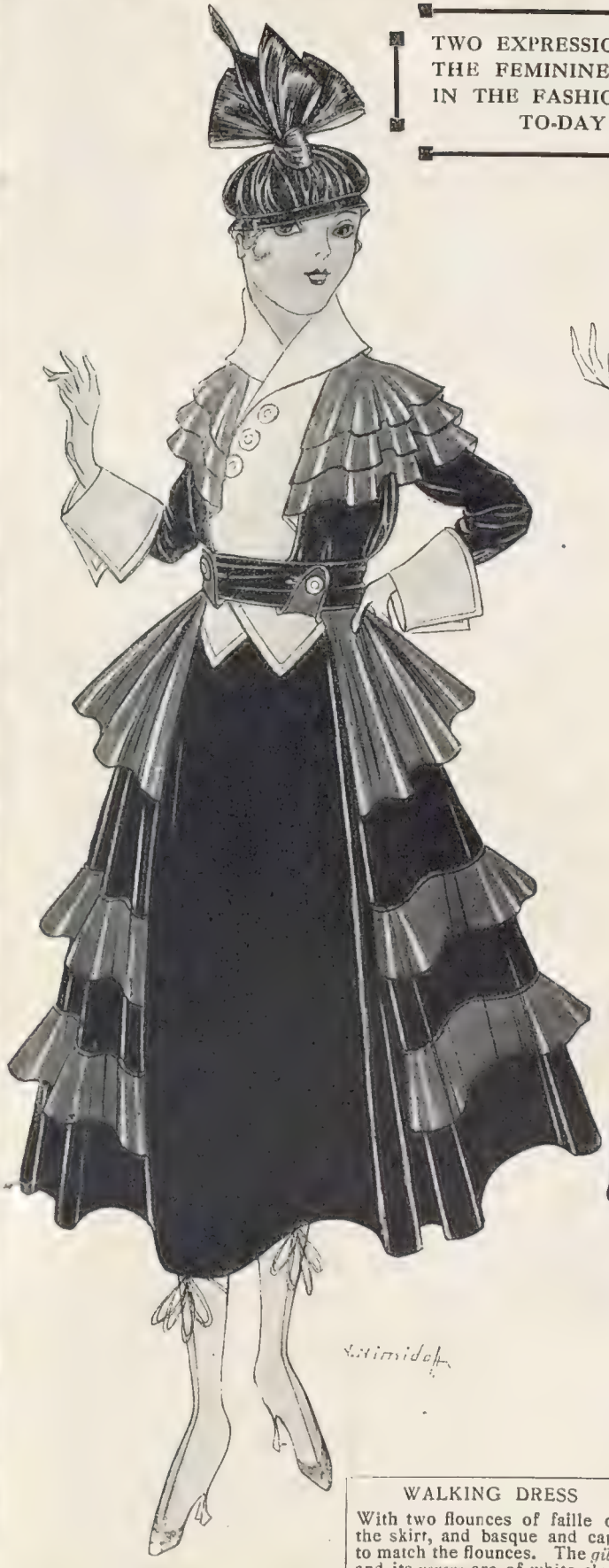
* *

PERHAPS those living in the country may be privileged to see a dairymaids' milk drill: Left, right! Left, right! And can you not picture the pleasing, early morning aspect of the City during

"Present Pails! Fix Scrubbing Brushes!"

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

TWO EXPRESSIONS OF THE FEMININE NOTE IN THE FASHIONS OF TO-DAY



WALKING DRESS

With two flounces of faille on the skirt, and basque and cape to match the flounces. The *gilet* and its *revers* are of white cloth

AFTERNOON TOILETTE

With corselet tunic, high-collared cape, and sleeves *en suite*, embellished with buckles of leather

The Bystander in Paris

It was somewhere in France, as, of course, it usually is, unless it's on the Eastern coast or somewhere in the Midlands. The German-Swiss attendant rushed into the card-room and said, "*Ach! Chendlemens der vos Zeppelins apoudt!*" You can picture the excitement, can't you? You can see everybody on his feet, and the Scotsman or the Jew, according to your fancy, calling everyone to witness that if the game be resumed after the alarm his was the hand with the trumps in it. You can picture the women servants flying for protection from the kitchen to male company in the club rooms. You may even imagine the descent of us all to the cellar. But nothing of this happened at all. The excited appeal of the German-Swiss elicited several orders for more drinks, and the card-playing members just went on playing cards.

RAIDY AYE RAIDY

Jones

That was why I had opened my mouth to express surprise when, meeting Mr. and Mrs.—shall we say Jones?—at tea in Paris some afternoons later, Jones and his wife exclaimed in chorus, "And where were *you* on that terrible evening?" I knew where I had been, and I remembered the huge proportions of Jones' drink. It was only when I saw what funny things the poor fellow was doing with his face that my mental retina assimilated the fact that he, too, is a married man, and it was borne on me to answer, "Ah, terrible indeed!"

"Ach! Chendlemens der vos Zeppelins apoudt!"

"And the card-playing members went on playing cards"

"You got me out of that very well," said Jones a few minutes afterwards when we had put Mrs. J. into a cab and lit up. "What we married men will do when peace drops on us like a bomb-shell, one of these days, and wipes away every legitimate excuse for. . . ." "For?" I said. "Don't be a silly ass," said Jones.

Porrentruy

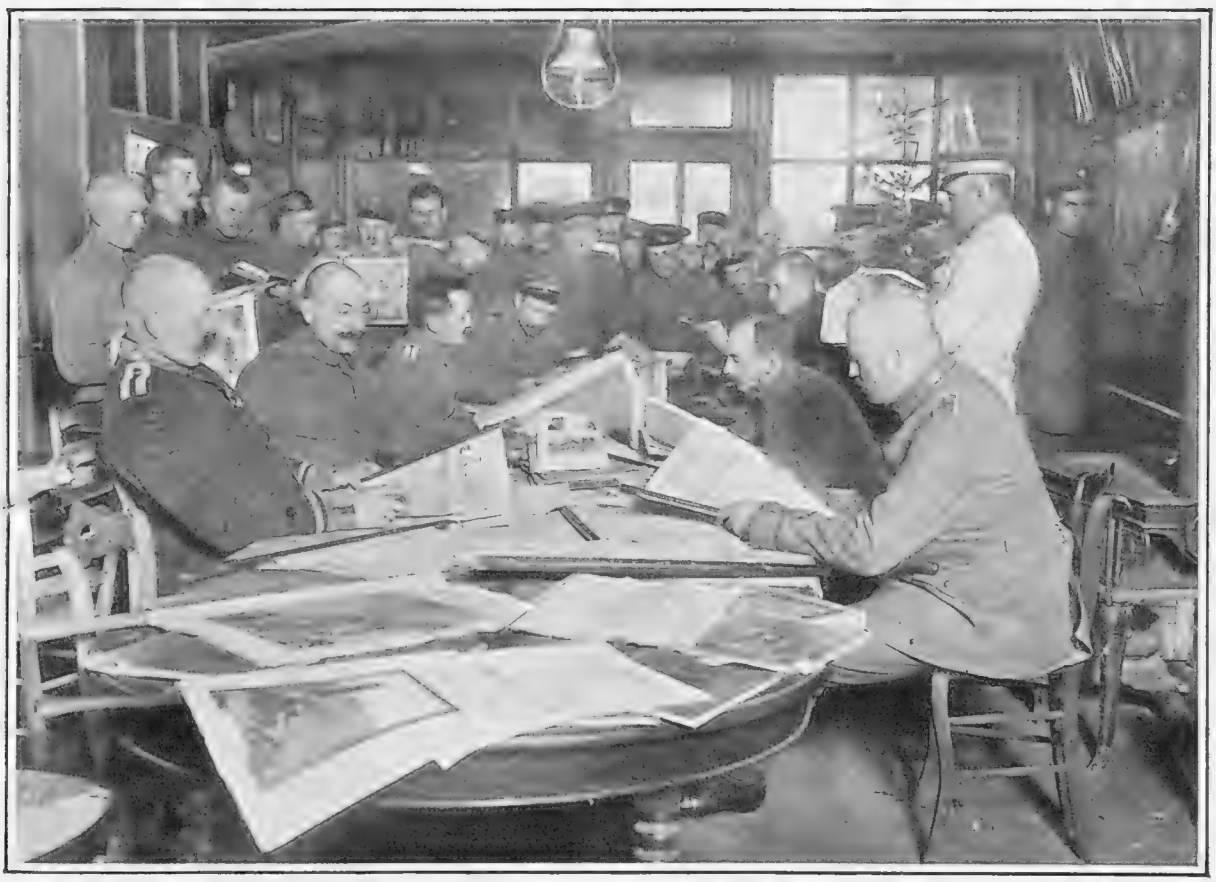
"I wish that they would come every evening, the pigs of Zeppelins," said Porrentruy. "Dieu que je me suis amusé, moi. There is two months that she lives in the house. We meet always on the staircase. 'Pardon, monsieur,' 'Faites donc, madame.' Not even a smile. Not even an upward glance

(*Continued on page 302*)

Cause and Effect

PREPARING THE GERMAN SOLDIER TO APPRECIATE THE GERMAN NEWSPAPER

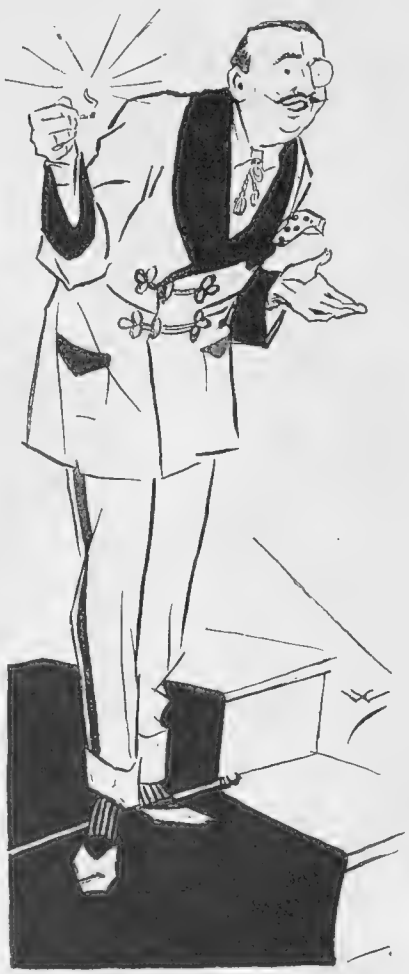
GERMAN SOLDIERS RECEIVING THEIR BEER RATIONS, AND SUBSEQUENTLY (SEE NEXT PICTURE)—



—ENJOYING PERUSAL OF THE GERMAN PAPERS, PROPER APPRECIATION OF WHICH IS ONLY POSSIBLE WHEN THE INTELLECT IS IN A LIGHT, FROTHY AND FOAMING CONDITION

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 300*)

from her eyes so delicious through their curtains of spun silk! She has eyelashes, mon cher!"—and Porrentruy, finding mere language fail him, clenched his fingers into a little clump, kissed them, and flipped the kiss out over Paris.



"And I was in my mauve and grey pyjamas"

"AND?" I asked. "Et bien voilà," said Porrentruy. "Never, as I tell you, never not nothing" (Porrentruy is very proud of having learned English with no help beyond that of a coachman whom his father used to employ, and his idiom is often quite like that), "no, mon vieux, never not nothing. Et pourtant, to drop a handkerchief is easy and so conversation often begins."

⁂

"EVIDENTLY a nice woman," I said, "but," I added hastily, "I do *not* want a map of her!" For I know Porrentruy, and revelations were coming, I could see that. "Fortunately," he said, "I was with myself at home—*comment dis tu chez moi?*—in a pyjama really very well." (Pyjama, I may say, for those who don't know modern French, is now French for a dressing-suit. Porrentruy's, as I have seen, is a chaste creation of pale grey with a mauve collar, mauve cuffs, and a broad mauve stripe down the sides of the trousers). "I live, as you know, in Montmartre. The pumpers passed, claironning" (he meant the firemen passed trumpeting), "I heard an explosion, and a cry from underneath my feet. I put my head out to the window, and I hear her voice. 'Oh, mother, I have fear!' So I run downstairs, and she, she run upstairs, and on the stairs we meet." "Pardon Monsieur, Faites donc Madame," I said to Porrentruy, suggesting, though I didn't mean it, that that was what he said to her and what she said to him. "But never of the life!" cried Porrentruy. "'Monsieur,' she said, 'I seek the road of the cellar. I am frightened, me!' And she was pattering adorably upstairs in a little mauve *peignoir* and little pink toes in little mauve mules" (French for slippers without any heels to them), "and I, mon Dieu, I was in my mauve and grey pyjamas." "You must both have been very cold in the cellar," I said. Porrentruy winked.

⁂

Yvonne

THE house is just a gaping grin of ruin from top to bottom. A bomb has shaved the frontage and the room on each floor looks out into the street with the shamed appearance of an elderly maiden aunt whose bedroom curtain has been blown out into the street before she had time to snatch her hair from the dressing-table and find her false teeth. In the kitchen on the ground-floor is a little girl crying bitterly. "Come, dear. Don't be frightened now. It's all over now. There's no more danger." "I am not frightened, monsieur," sobbed the child. "Have your father and mother been hurt?" "But no, monsieur. They don't live here, papa and maman." "And you don't know where they are?" I asked. "Mais oui, monsieur. Papa is at the café, comme toujours, and petite mère is at the hospital to see Ma'ame Laporte. It is Ma'ame Laporte's kitchen here," she added. And she began to cry again.

⁂

"DON'T be afraid, dear," I said, "don't be afraid. They won't come back again, the Boches." She sobbed more than ever. "Je le sais bien. I know it well," she cried on to my shoulder. "I know they won't come back, though p'tite mère says they will, *and I slept all through and never saw them, and Charlot Laporte has a leg broken, he!* Oh, how he will boast, and how I detest him! Always he has all the chances, Charlot."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"'You got me out of that very well,' said Jones, when we had put Mrs. J. into a cab and lit up"

It fills itself

In the trenches,

or wherever liquid ink is not available, Ink Pellets can be used to fill the Onoto Pen—Pull out the rod to full extent, insert one Ink Pellet in barrel of pen (The Onoto will unscrew for this purpose between barrel and nib carrier) then fill with water as if filling with ink. Onoto Ink Pellets are sold in neat tubes containing about 6 months' supply costing 6d., and 12 months' supply costing 1s.

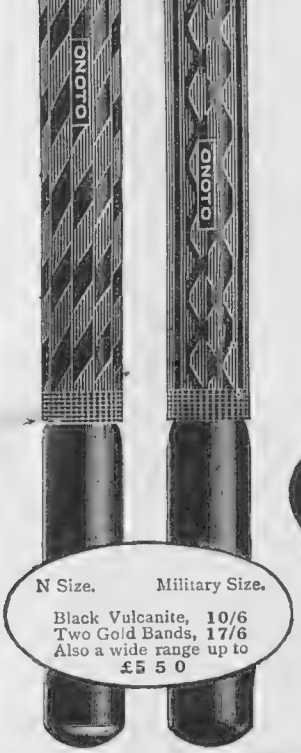
THE Onoto fills itself in a flash, and cleans itself in filling. It is incomparably superior to "squirt-filled" pens. A squirt pen when you've lost the squirt (and you always do) is about as useful as a bottle without a corkscrew.

Send your soldier friend an Onoto. He loves simplicity and the Onoto is the simplest pen to fill and the simplest pen to use.

"Squirt pens" are as out of date in the fighting field as the old guns which needed a torch to fire them.

Do not make the mistake of sending the wrong kind of pen to the front. Send an Onoto, the pen the soldier wants because it never leaks, needs no filler, and is always ready for use. You send it out full of ink ready to write.

The Military size exactly fits the Soldier's pocket.



N Size. Military Size.
Black Vulcanite, 10/6
Two Gold Bands, 17/6
Also a wide range up to
£5 5 0

Onoto THE Pen

The Onoto Pen is a British Invention, produced by a British Company with British Capital. It stands alone as the one really satisfactory Self-filling Safety Pen. It can be filled by means of liquid ink or ink pellets.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., LTD.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Mummied Emperor

BY NINA TOYE

THE Emperor lay dying. Three generations he had ruled. Three generations had greeted his comings and goings, his public appearances, proclamations and anniversaries with Papa Haydn's hymn. Tragedy after tragedy had dogged his footsteps. The doom of the Imperial and Royal House had struck down one after another children, wife, grand-children. Unto the third and fourth generation. . . . Why and by whom was the black curse laid on his House? What monstrous crime had been sown for the reaping of such a harvest? Rumours there were and are, but none save the Emperor himself knew the faces of the Furies driving him so remorselessly from desolation to desolation. He stood amidst the ruin of his House, a solitary, sinister figure. Yet this was the strangest part of all: he and he alone availed to hold in bonds a disintegrating nation. That cadaverous figure-head called forth and held the unwilling loyalty of Czech and Slav, Pole, Magyar, and Teuton. His hands grasped the threads of empire. Had he, in some secret pact with the Devil, bartered all else for power? No one knows. No one will ever know. Power he had enjoyed, and long life—in a stony wilderness with all laid waste about him. But when those hands should loose their grasp. . . . Not a statesman in the world but looked to see the warring elements of that unhappy nation fly at each other's throats like enemy dogs. Not only that, but the country was at war, a war arrogantly declared and barbarously fought. Ruin threatened from without and, when those hands should fail, dissolution from within.

And now the old man lay dying. Clustered about his bed stood statesmen and physicians, an anxious group.

"Is there no hope?" asked the Premier. The Court physician shook his head.

"None. Absolutely none."

"Has everything been tried? You have neglected nothing?"

"We have exhausted every resource. Look at him—he is half embalmed already."

The Premier gazed at the shrunken body, the earthy parchment-like skin, the skeleton hands. Surely it was a mummy, not a man! There was no sign of life save the slow, painful breathing, hardly perceptible to the untrained eye. The statesman frowned, shrugged his shoulders angrily.

"How long can he hold out?"

"Not more than six hours—probably less."

The little group of men stood in dismayed silence, their eyes fixed on the hopeless struggle. Ever and again, as they watched, it seemed that the breathing had ceased, but it went on again, interminably, as though compelled by a hidden, indomitable will. The night wore on. Just before dawn the change came. The Court physician, watch in hand, his finger on the failing pulse, compressed his lips. All bent anxiously forward. A sigh, almost of relief, escaped them as the doctor dropped the claw-like hand and snapped his watch-case.

"Gentlemen, the Emperor is dead," he said briefly.

They consulted one another with questioning eyes. A tall man in field-marshal's uniform, standing on the edge of the group, turned to the door. The Premier laid a hand on his arm.

"You are not going?"

"Since everything is finished. . . ."

"We must consider. . . ."

"What is there to consider, Baron? After him"—he indicated the figure on the bed—"there remains but the deluge."

"We must consider whether it can be stemmed."

"As well try to stem the Danube," said the Field-Marshal bitterly.

"Well, then, dammed." The General raised his eyebrows, and spread his hands.

"My dear Baron! Once they know the Emperor is dead. . . ."

"Hush! Don't speak that word aloud!"

The Premier turned to a young man who had detached himself from the others and was now seated in an armchair.

"May I speak seriously to your Imperial Majesty? You know, sire, that no power on earth can keep the nation together, now that *he* is gone. As for the war—in the end we have as much to fear from our Ally as from our enemies. There is dissatisfaction in the country, rioting—rebellion in the air. A feather would turn the scale. There could hardly exist a more inauspicious accession. . . ."

"What am I to do?" asked the young Archduke querulously. "This situation is none of my seeking—it is thrust upon me. What in God's name do you want me to do? Abdicate?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"What, then?"

The Premier looked slowly about the intent circle.

"Listen, sire. The Emperor is dead, but no one outside this room knows it; no one need know. So far as the world is concerned, he is still alive; he must so continue. So long as he lives, the deluge is dammed."

"But that is impossible. It is bound to leak out."

"Why? Who has seen the Emperor during the last six months? The Court physicians, his confidential valet, ourselves—and you, sire. If we keep the secret—and stranger have been kept before now. . . . Think of the Iron Mask. . . . What has the Emperor become during the past few years: a myth, a legend—which we perpetuate. Believe me, sire, it can be done. . . ."

In the end the Premier's confidence and persuasiveness overruled doubt. His "What else have you to propose?" proved unanswerable.

In low voices they discussed the pro's and con's, while dawn crept lividly up the sky. They clustered about the Heir and the Premier, gesticulating, whispering without so much as a glance for the bed and its burden.

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 306)

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE" AND "RED SEAL"

MONTAGUE TIGG (Martin Chuzzlewit).

SCOTCH WHISKIES

"In aid of the Red Cross Society."

Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. are issuing their Dickens Portfolio, containing thirteen Studies from the Works of the great novelist, together with a portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in Colours from the Original Paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds, at 5/- the portfolio, carriage paid. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society. These Studies can be obtained on application at the Firm's Head Office, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 304)

The confidential valet was summoned, a man grown grey in the service of the Emperor. His hard face showed no emotion until the mummy-like figure caught his eye.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "His Imperial Majesty. . . ."

The Premier stepped forward and dropped his hand on the man's shoulder. His nails bit into the flesh below the collar-bone.

"You are mistaken," he said in a firm, even voice. "His Imperial Majesty is not dead, he will not die. On the contrary, he is better. The crisis passed favourably in the night. Do you understand?"

The valet looked from his dead master to the Baron with bewilderment changing into comprehension. "Excellency. . . ."

"Do you understand?" repeated the Premier harshly.

"Yes, Excellency."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, Excellency. His Imperial Majesty is not dead. He will not die."

The Premier scrutinised the cold grey eyes turned to his, gave a satisfied grunt, and released the shoulder.

"That is well." He motioned to the physicians.

"Gentlemen, your bulletin, please. 'A distinct amelioration in the Emperor's condition'—anything else you like. And the body must be embalmed.

Discussion followed. Salts of mercury. . . . Formalin. . . . The Baron grew impatient.

"Gentlemen, that is your affair—but whatever you do must be done quickly There is no time for delay. We will leave you to your task."

"One moment," said the Archduke. "Baron, what will you do for the signature? A dead man cannot sign papers."

The Premier smiled sceptically.

"I am not a forger. There is the Privy Seal. And now to spread the good news."

The company filed out in silence. Within the hour one of the physicians had gone and returned again with the necessary paraphernalia. In another hour the Emperor lay as he had lain during the night, as he would lie for months to come.

So the plot was hatched, but in spite of all care, in spite of bulletins signed and countersigned, in spite of letters bearing the Imperial seal and interviews divulged with seeming carelessness by Premier and Archduke, rumour of the death spread. A new disquiet shook the country.

"If the Emperor is so much better, why do we not see him?" queried the people. Eager crowds, clamouring for a sight of the national fetish, thronged the palace square. Disaster threatened.

"What is to be done?" asked the anxious Archduke. "My dear Baron, the game is up."

"They must see him."

"Impossible. If they see him they will know."

"It must be managed," declared the Premier. "If they don't see him they will know."

He called the doctors to conference. Meanwhile the crowd grew more insistent. Shouts arose.

"If the Emperor is not dead, let him come out to us. When we see him we will believe."

"Why not have them dispersed?" argued the Archduke. "A squadron of cavalry——." The Premier cut him short with a snarl.

"Sire, you are mad. . . . No, he shall show himself to his people. It is the only way. Let his valet dress him."

The young Archduke shuddered. The physicians' faces were white and grave.

Presently the clamorous people became aware of a stir at the Emperor's window; the curtains parted. The onlookers waited breathless. Then the impossible happened. The Emperor appeared at the window. He stood in full view for more than a minute, a galvanised grin on his haggard face. Then, in answer to the sudden uproar of cheering he bowed his head, he raised his hand and waved it with a curious stiff movement. The curtains fell back into place. But he had shown himself, they had seen him. The Emperor was alive!

Within the room the Court physician and the valet replaced the body on the bed, untied the guiding cords of the Imperial marionette. The Premier smiled cynically as the Archduke wiped beads of sweat from his forehead.

"What did I tell you, sire?" he murmured.

"All very fine," said the Archduke, "but what of the next time? Baron, is the game worth the candle?"

"If Paris was worth a Mass . . . . The next time is a long way off. Anyhow, we have killed the rumour."

Scotched, perhaps, but not killed. The people were satisfied for a time, but some rumours die hard, especially if any have interest in reviving them. That is why so much of the Emperor's correspondence with his Allies and connections has been made public. That is also the reason why the Allied Emperor recently found it necessary to visit his aged partner in iniquity, and to spend so many hours closeted with a mummy in a formalin-tainted room. A pleasant interview it must have been, between the quick and the dead. NINA TOYE

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

MISS EVELYN HOPE

Who is playing the principal part in "The Joan Danvers," the new play by Capt. Frank Stayton, which was successfully produced at the Duke of York's Theatre last week

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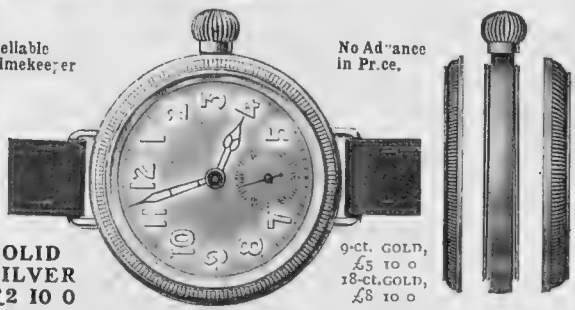

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Joan Danvers" at the Duke of York's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

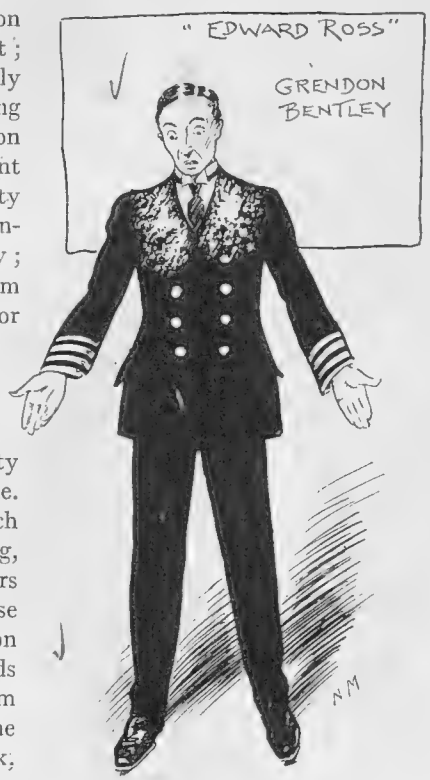
THIS is another of Miss Horniman's extremely interesting productions. It is not, perhaps, quite so strong as some of its predecessors, but it easily touches the high-water mark of London entertainments of the moment. Its chief defect is that it sets out to satirise mid-Victorian morality in quite a naïvely mid-Victorian way. The wicked shipowner who sent an admittedly rotten ship to sea so that he could collect the insurance effected upon her, belongs, I think, to the past; and even at his worst he can hardly have been the coldly calculating brute that Captain Frank Stayton has made of him. These violent extremes of virtue and depravity belong rather to the "transpontine" era than to our own day; although any little anachronism of the kind is well compensated for by the convincing acting of Miss Horniman's well-chosen company.

⁂

JAMES DANVERS is a shipowner who is a scoundrel in the City and a snarling hypocrite at home. He would not miss going to church three times on Sunday for anything, and bullies his grown-up daughters to an intolerable extent because they do not seek religious consolation with equal greediness. He reminds one of the murderer of whom Thomas Hood wrote that "for the peace of his soul he read that Book, in the calm of eventide." The Misses Danvers, Gladys and Joan, belong to the revolting-daughter school of femininity. Gladys, for instance, objects to housework, and questions the usefulness of keeping about the place merely ornamental furniture that is good for nothing except as an object for the attentions of the dusting-brush. This little incident suggests the "heresy" of the new school. Readers of Thoreau's "Walden" will remember how that erratic soul even went to the length of pitching some of his belongings out of window because they required dusting every day, and he did not consider they were worth that much trouble to him. Some people regard this attitude as characteristic of a call to the Higher Life; while others put it down to sheer laziness. It's a censorious world!

⁂

THIS is, however, a side issue. The main theme of the play is that James Danvers owns a ship



THE RESULT OF FEMININE EMBRACES

called after his youngest daughter Joan, a ship that is admittedly no longer seaworthy. This ship he insures for rather more than her full value, and we are asked to believe that he lets her sail in the full expectation that she will go to pieces in the first rough sea. I am pleased to say that it is a physical impossibility for me to think so badly of present-day human nature as that, and I am, therefore, forced to the conclusion that for artistic purposes, at any rate, this character is a little exaggerated. That, however, does not affect the dramatic force of the situation.

⁂

IT is not until it is too late that the unctuously pious James Danvers learns that his daughter Joan was secretly married to Edward Ross, the captain of the doomed ship before she sailed; and that, furthermore, his only son and the hope of his house, tired of City life, has run away to sea on board that very ship. This is a very sensational situation, presented with great ability by the company who contrive successfully to keep it from degenerating into mere melodrama. Happily the threatened tragedy does not materialise so completely as was feared. The able captain steers his moth-eaten ship safely to port, and to show that the Heavens are just, James Danvers has a paralytic stroke, and lives unhappily ever afterwards.

⁂

A VERY diverting character is that of Hartley Warren, capitally represented by Mr. Gordon Ash. Warren represents the insurance company who have taken the risk on the ship. He has with not unnatural curiosity inquired as to why Mr. Danvers should have increased his insurance for this particular voyage; and having come to the obvious conclusion, he runs a little blackmail industry of his own in order to square the account. Mr. Herbert Lomas gives quite an interesting study of the pious villain, and Mrs. A. B. Tapping as a sweetly tender *materfamilias* transcends even her own high standard of excellence. For those who are attracted by good drama, the art of this play should prove a satisfying diversion, especially in these days when work of such quality is far to seek.

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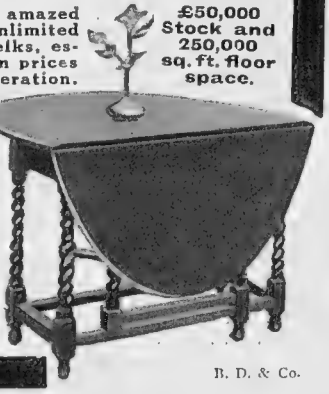

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Books of the Week

THE CLAYHANGER TRILOGY COMPLETED

Tertium Quid

At last! It is now possible for you to learn all that Mr. Arnold Bennett has to relate of one Edwin Clayhanger, printer, of the Five Towns, and his wife and relations. From *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways* you will doubtless have gathered what sort of youth Edwin was, and what difficulties Hilda was obliged to surmount. You will remember how she was "married" to the scoundrelly George Cannon, who already had one wife living, how George went to prison, and how she, poor thing, did her best to earn a living for her small son and herself by keeping a boarding-house at Brighton. And, having read the two books, you will probably have come to the conclusion that Edwin and Hilda will live happily ever afterwards in that respectable and conventional way which pertains to the Five Towns—and elsewhere.

Photograph *Hoppé*

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

Whose book, "These Twain" (Methuen: 6s.), a sequel to "Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways," which completes the story of Edwin Clayhanger and his wife, is reviewed on this page

"These Twain"

In fact, but for Mr. Bennett's advertised intention to show what really happened to this couple after marriage you would, perhaps, have been satisfied with the two volumes as they stood. You could not forget how "nice" Edwin was, nor how eminently commonsensical was his wife. By all the canons of probability, this marriage was bound to be a success, and so—to a very great extent—it is. Yet, after reading the five hundred pages of *These Twain* (Methuen: 6s.), it may occur to some readers to wonder how Mr. Bennett has come to write so many words about so ordinary a couple. Little enough happens to them. There are one or two deaths—the terrific Auntie Hamps perishes at last, and has a funeral at which she would have loved to be present in a more active capacity—and the husband and wife enjoy one or two quarrels. Hilda shows herself to be ambitious, and is generally enabled to have her own way. Edwin comes at times to dislike, even to hate, his wife, yet he never ceases to love her. There are the petty disappointments and the petty triumphs, but what else?

A Great Interpretation

Very little indeed, and yet everything. Mr. Bennett seems to have got into his five hundred pages such a picture of ordinary married life as has seldom, if ever, been written down. The Clayhangers represent the respectable middle-class of to-day. They are constantly in a state of domestic war, yet there are always ready to hand the most simple terms for a satisfactory peace. The man and the woman may be at odds times without number, but there is always something which is holding them together. And such is Mr. Bennett's magic that the most ordinary affairs take on the characters of world-important events. His picture of married life may in places be drab, but it is never falsely coloured. You do not notice the lack of what the dramatists call strong situations. You may feel disposed to side with Edwin rather than with his wife, and you may wonder whether the tension is not becoming too great at times for the "ordinary" household. But you will not fail to see how deeply Mr. Bennett has probed into life, and you will not fail to understand the significance of that sentence on the penultimate page, "What a romance she has made of my life!" The placid Edwin may fight his rather masterful wife, but he is just enough to see what her coming has meant. And as with Edwin, so with most of his compeers. The appearance of *These Twain* is of definite importance; there are not many works in the English language which are superior to this Clayhanger trilogy.

"Exile"

In Dolf Wyllarde's new novel, *Exile* (Fisher Unwin: 6s.), there is presented a new variation of the problem of the "eternal triangle." It may not be a very pleasant variation, but it is undeniably new, and Dolf Wyllarde deserves all credit for her treatment of so delicate a theme. Exile itself is supposed to be one of our Eastern fortified stations with Admiral Stroud for its amiable Governor, with Everard for its scoundrel of a Chief Justice, and with Richmond Hervey for its strong silent lady-killing giant of a Government Engineer. The trouble starts with the Chief Justice's mistake in supposing that Hervey can be bribed to join him in one of his infamous money-making schemes, and Mrs. Everard is forced to get back a letter which her husband has foolishly written. Hervey demands the usual Adelphi price, but—it is here that Dolf Wyllarde departs altogether from tradition. The story is undeniably interesting, though it would have gained in power had the love affairs of the Admiral's niece been left to take care of themselves.

R. S.

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Matters Musical

VERDI'S "REQUIEM MASS"

THE performance of Verdi's *Requiem Mass* before the King and Queen and a crowded audience at the Albert Hall was certainly the most important musical event of the last few days. And most amusing was the attitude towards this acknowledged masterpiece of some of the less conspicuous gentlemen, who "do" (and do for) music in the papers. But it is to be supposed they did not know it was a masterpiece or else they would have written otherwise. Many people are like the critic in *Fanny's First Play*, who asked how in the world he could be expected to know if a play was good when he was ignorant of the name of the author!

❋ ❋

SINCE, in this case, the author was Verdi, an Italian best known to the public, and, doubtless, to them as the composer of *Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, they thought fit to describe the *Requiem* as theatrical, insincere, meretricious, and so forth. Moreover, it had not been performed in London for forty years, while that grave and reverent work, *Elijah*, had been performed at least once a month. Truly a bad case! The only solution of the problem that occurs to me is that somebody looked up the old Grove's Dictionary and read that Von Bülow in 1885 abused the *Requiem* as a monstrosity, forgetting to note that he recanted handsomely afterwards.

❋ ❋

EVEN had he not done so, however, I fail to see why anybody should accept a Teutonic estimate of such an essentially Latin work. Verdi was not, as some of our pedants seem to think, great because he became progressively more German, but because he became more Verdi as time went on. His best music is popular with the present generation largely because it is so entirely expressive of himself, so uncompromisingly Italian. There is no pose or romantic flapdoodle about Verdi. When he had to write an opera to order he produced a masterpiece, *Aida*; when he wished to honour the dead Italian patriot Manzoni he produced an even greater masterpiece, the *Requiem Mass*. He was typically the unaffected composer, and small wonder that we who live in a naturalistic age love him.

❋ ❋

THOSE critics, however, who objected that the *Requiem*, fine though it was, did not provide a memorial quite ideal to the memory of our brave dead had a far stronger case. The view of death reflected in the music is not the English view, and the general sentiment is not ours. Also, of course, the work is devoutly Catholic, while the vast majority of us are still Protestant. However, if Protestant nations want to hear Requiem Masses they can hardly expect the spirit of them to conform to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and in any case, we should be grateful that we have been spared the crowning absurdity of last year, when as a Requiem for our soldiers killed by the Germans we had the most German of compositions —Brahm's *German Requiem!*

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A READY-COOKED DELICIOUS STEW and most ECONOMICAL MEAL FOR A FAMILY

consisting of about ¾lb of the Finest Fresh Beef, without bone (equal to 1-lb with bone), with Potatoes, Haricots, Carrots and Onions. Weight of contents about 22 ozs nett.

SAVES FUEL, TIME & LABOUR!

Half-pint of Hot Water and Hard Crusts can be Added to the Rich Gravy.

Per **1/6** tin

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A company of the 1/6th Cyclist Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment supported by a Rolls-Royce armoured car. A few hundred more recruits are wanted in this battalion. Apply 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

Motoring and Matters Thereto Pertaining

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Tilt at Taxi

THE taxi-man is in the pillory. He groweth 'aughty and disobliging and uncivil, and, if possible, will escape his legal responsibilities. Well, I think a goodly percentage of taxi-drivers are pigs from their youth up; but if they were archangels I would not have their job o' nights during these legal darknesses; and if they can get three times their legal fare I can hardly blame them. They have to live; and it isn't so easy as you might imagine, this getting a living on a cab. Moreover, the conditions tend to make the best of them bad. They are dragooned pretty brutally by Authority. Also, the price of petrol, and tyres, and maintenance, is desperately high; and a man quite naturally hesitates to accept a six-mile trip that may merely bring him his legal fare, plus nothing or tuppence, when he knows he may have to run back empty, consuming six miles of petrol and tyres without payment. Eightpence a mile, my friends, doesn't leave much of a margin of profit these days, and that margin on a six-mile run with a passenger who doesn't tip nicely, may comfortably be consumed on the six-mile run back empty.

***

A Matter of Equity

ALSO, it is not of the essence of equity altogether to deny the taxi man the right to sell his commodity in the best market. In any case, it is always a good habit to put oneself in the other fellow's place. If you knew you could pick up a fare at Piccadilly Circus, run it to Victoria, get the dial money plus fourpence or sixpence; pick up again at Victoria and get back to where more business is on the same terms, and repeat, perhaps, half a dozen times, *you* would not exactly explode with enthusiasm about that six-mile fare with an empty back. And you would explode even less if you had been hanging about all day without any luck.

THE BUICK IN THE YIRANDIK

Yirandik being a range of the Ural Mountains and Buick being a car that requires no further description to the connoisseur in first-rate vehicles

A Remedy

SAME time, there is justification for a good many of the public complaints. The way out is a mileage rate, varied by a representative authority according to the variation of cost, said cost to allow of a decent living for the man; and the total abolition of tips. As for the woman taxi driver—well, why not? Except for the fact that she is often the most inconsiderate driver on the road, why not? Except that often she is not temperamentally equal to a driving emergency, why not? If it's a good woman-driver, sound in wind and limb and nerve, why not? But if the lady is otherwise—help! By the way, have you ever (in the *ante-bellum* epoch) been talked at by the woman cabby of Paris on the score of alleged niggardliness in the matter of tips? If so, and it comes to woman-drivers here, and they develop the gift of tongues, once again and most devoutly—help!

***

An Appeal

THE Lady Elizabeth Dawson, of the Auxiliary Committee of the Y.M.C.A., makes urgent appeal for a volunteer car and driver for service at one of the base camps in Northern France. The car would be used for conveying the lady workers of the Y.M.C.A. from their lodgings to and from the recreation huts. The work involved both for car and driver (either lady or gentleman) is light, and the running costs and repairs of the car will be paid. Any offers gratefully considered at 23, Bruton Street, London, W.

***

Question and Answer

"MY light car only gives twenty-three miles to the gallon," quoth he. "How is it your car of the same make gives thirty-eight?" he asked. And the answer appeared in the fact that the 38 m.p.g. man had fitted a Zenith carburettor.

C. A. V. Lamp Bulbs. British throughout. Strong—Efficient—Reliable. Best for all car lighting purposes. Motorists should write for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

THE 1916 8-CYLINDER CADILLAC IS THE SWEETEST RUNNING CAR IN THE WORLD.—For trial and further particulars write F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Telephone: Mayfair 2836.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 637.—Vol. XLIX. Wednesday, February 16, 1916. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATED BY RADIATORS.
WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage. Well-laid-out gardens and grounds.
Land tax redeemed.
Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SOUTHERLY ASPECT. FINE VIEWS.

IN AN IDEAL POSITION. WITHIN A FEW MINUTES' WALK OF

WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Immune from noise and dust of main roads.

PRICE £3,400, OR MIGHT BE LET, this excellent RESIDENCE, with LARGE GARDEN.

Planted with choice shrubs. Tennis lawn. Space for garage.

The House is most substantially constructed with 14-inch solid brick main walls, cool in summer and warm in winter. Rough cast exterior. Hand-made tiles. Old oak beams. The accommodation comprises: Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.—Recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common; and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

400FT. UP.

WILTSHIRE DOWNS, NEAR DEVIZES.

£3,250, FREEHOLD.—CHARMING OLD RED-BRICK MANOR HOUSE, with carriage drive. Entrance lodge. South aspect. Telephone. Petrol gas. Delightful views, in remarkably beautiful

TYPICAL OLD ENGLISH GROUNDS

of about 4½ acres. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall. Stabling and large garage.

PICTURESQUE OPEN-TIMBER COTTAGE

affording additional accommodation. Full-sized croquet and tennis lawns, brick pergola, kitchen garden, glass, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR GOLF.

PRETTY HOUSE IN 5 ACRES.

HANTS, WINCHFIELD DISTRICT.

High on sandy soil.

TO BE SOLD.—This charming little PROPERTY, approached by drive, with good lodge at entrance: 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling and garage; delightful grounds, with good lawns, pergolas, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, in all 5 acres.

MODERN CONVENIENCES.

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

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IN A QUAINT OLD-WORLD VILLAGE, 1 hour from London.—Picturesque RESIDENCE: billiard and 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and modern appointments; cottage, garage, stabling; pretty grounds, 8 acres in all. For SALE by Private Treaty.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,476)

KENT. JUST OVER 2 MILES FROM ASHFORD.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, OR SOLD, this attractive old black-and-white HOUSE, standing on sandy soil and having all modern conveniences, including Company's water, petrol gas lighting and hot-water heating: 4 sitting rooms, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' sitting room, etc.; garage; main drainage.

THE GROUNDS EXTEND TO OVER 3 ACRES.

—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 3,347)

NEAR FARNBOROUGH, HANTS.
1 MILE FROM GOLF LINKS. 2 MILES FROM STATION.

TO BE LET, an old-fashioned HOUSE with 3½ acres of grounds, encircled by 53 acres of well-timbered park-lands. It is approached by an avenue ¼ mile in length, and contains: 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and attic; Company's water and gas; modern drainage; telephone; stabling for 3 horses, rough 5-stall stable, motor-house, coach-man's cottage; 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, kitchen garden, and paddock. Rent, Unfurnished, £160 per annum. Premium £150. Furnished, 10 gns. per week.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4434)

45 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.
In a high, pleasant and convenient position.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED,

A WELL-PLANNED MODERN RESIDENCE, partially creeper-clad and nicely decorated throughout. Carriage drive, lodge: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND COMPANY'S WATER.
STABLING FOR 3.

The grounds of about 2½ acres includes tennis lawn, vinery, peach-house and kitchen garden; more land can be had by arrangement.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (8,354)

HEREFORDSHIRE.

£1,900 WILL PURCHASE THIS BRICK-BUILT RESIDENCE, with South aspect and enjoying extensive views: 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2; picturesque flower gardens and lawn, in all about 1½ acres.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,020)

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BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT. EASY DISTANCE OF LONDON.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, at reduced rent, a RESIDENCE about 190ft. above sea, approached by drive and surrounded by about 21 acres of grounds, grass-land, etc.: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing, bath, etc.; stabling, garage, and cottages; hunting with fox and stag hounds.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,667)

UNSPOILED MANOR HOUSE, WITH 6½ ACRES (G.W.R. main line junction 2½ miles, 1½ hours from Town).—Oak-panelled hall and reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; electric light, telephone, Company's water and main drainage; stabling and garage; shady pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock. FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,213)

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GROUNDS SLOPING DOWN TO THE RIVER THAMES
4 MILES HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

A PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, replete with all modern conveniences, including ELECTRIC LIGHT and hot water heating, oak-panelled hall, dining and drawing rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and servants' hall; motor garage. The grounds of 3 acres including sloping lawns, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard. Boathouse with landing and bathing stage. Rent, Unfurnished, £125 per annum, or, Furnished by the year at 4½ guineas per week.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,148)

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TO BE SOLD.—A picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 best bedrooms and dressing room, bathroom, and complete offices; stabling for 7, garage; attractive gardens of about 3½ acres.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,736)

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A LOVELY OLD MANOR HOUSE, dating from the XVth Century, and containing a wealth of the original old-world features, including very fine oak panelling.

ABOUT AN HOUR FROM LONDON.

FOR SALE, WITH ABOUT 500 ACRES.—The beautiful old RESIDENCE, which includes such modern comforts as electric light, radiators, good water supply and sanitation, affords accommodation as follows: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, fine hall, and several reception rooms, excellent domestic offices.

SUPERB OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

richly timbered and containing moat and other ornamental water. Complete buildings are included, with homesteads, farmhouses, several cottages, stabling, garage, etc. Upon the estate are about 100 acres of well-placed woods and, for the area of the property, capital shooting is afforded, and a river intersecting a portion of the estate adds to its many attractive amenities.—Very highly recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

WILTSHIRE.

3 miles from a station and about 7 miles from Salisbury (express trains to London in 1¼ hours).

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.—Lease 2, 5, or 12 years.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE,

recently restored under the supervision of an eminent architect and now in perfect order with central heating and electric light throughout: fine suite of panelled reception rooms, complete domestic offices, 16 bed and dressing rooms, boudoir, 3 bathrooms; stabling for 5, 3 men's rooms, garage; 2 cottages.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS,

with grand old yew hedges, tennis, croquet and terraced lawns, walled kitchen garden, etc. EXCELLENT TROUT AND GRAYLING FISHING in the River Avon, which runs through the grounds; shooting can be arranged.—Inspected and very highly recommended by the Owner's Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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1½ miles from the sea; within easy reach of Lymington and the New Forest.

TO LET, FURNISHED, OR FOR SALE.—A charming old-fashioned HOUSE, standing in finely timbered old grounds, and

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Long carriage drive with lodge: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, garage; 2 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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PRICE ONLY £1 5s. per acre.

RHODESIA FARM for SALE as a going concern. 3,000 ACRES fully developed and 3 miles from the railway, and near the town of Salisbury. The land, which in normal times is worth from £3 to £5 per acre, is well watered and the price includes capital HOUSE and buildings, standing crops of 250 acres due to be reaped in May, implements, working oxen, etc., etc. Owner wishes to sell so that he can join the fighting forces in France and Flanders. A series of photographs and full particulars can be obtained from Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, Land Agents, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, England.

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IN A PERFECTLY RURAL PART.
A GENUINE OLD XVIIth CENTURY MANOR HOUSE,
PERFECTLY FURNISHED, AND SURROUNDED BY MOST LOVELY GARDENS AND PARK-LAND.

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THE GARDENS AND PARK-LANDS COVER SEVERAL ACRES

and no adequate description of them can be conveyed by an advertisement—they must be seen to be appreciated. RENT, inclusive of gardeners' wages and rates and taxes, 400 GNS. FOR A YEAR, or 10 GNS. PER WEEK FOR 6 MONTHS.—Inspected and very highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W

THREE SPECIAL TOWN HOUSES FOR DISPOSAL AT LOW TERMS.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE,
WITH GARDENS FRONT AND BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED HOUSES in BELGRAVIA for DISPOSAL. It occupies a retired and sunny position

IN A FAVOURITE SITUATION,

and has recently been entirely remodelled and brought up to date at tremendous cost. The House is most beautifully decorated and fitted with electric passenger lift, hot water radiators, 2 staircases, parquet floors, handsome fireplaces, etc. The accommodation comprises: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 splendidly fitted bathrooms,

4 BEAUTIFUL RECEPTION ROOMS,

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SMALL PRIVATE GARDEN,
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Lease 58 years. Ground Rent £60.
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54, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.
By AUCTION on MARCH 1 (if not previously Sold).

A SPLENDIDLY-ARRANGED HOUSE to be SOLD, at a very low price. It is situate in a favourite position, and has only recently been entirely redecorated. The accommodation is splendidly arranged, and comprises: on the ground floor—beautiful panelled dining room, square hall, morning room; on the first floor—charming double drawing room, large music room; in addition to which there are 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and capital domestic offices.

Lease about 13 years. Low Ground Rent.
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FOR SALE OR MIGHT BE LET.
WITH SOUTH ASPECT.
CAVENDISH SQUARE
(close to, in a favourite position).

CHARMING AND LUXURIOUSLY-FITTED WIDE-FRONTED DWARF RESIDENCE for DISPOSAL, with the distinct advantage of having

ALL THE RECEPTION ROOMS ON GROUND FLOOR,

whilst above there are only two floors of bedrooms, enabling house to be run in highly economical manner with small staff of servants: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 well-fitted up-to-date bathrooms, 3 beautiful reception rooms, entrance and pretty inner halls; light and clean offices including kitchen, scullery, pantry, servants' hall, etc.

THE HOUSE IS NEWLY DECORATED with great taste and is in perfect order. Every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort installed. Lease 70 years. Ground Rent £40.

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PINNER (10 minutes from station, 25 mins. by fast train to London). "GREYSTONES," an exceptionally attractive Freehold modern RESIDENCE, containing: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good motor garage, with separate entrance.

LARGE OAK-SHADED GARDEN, with profusion of rose trees, lawn, paved terrace walk, etc., and detached kitchen garden, in all about 1 acre.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above attractive Property by AUCTION on Mar. 14.

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1,000 ACRES SHOOTING.
3 MILES OF TROUT FISHING.

CHARMING ELIZABETHAN HOUSE to be LET, Furnished, on Lease. In the prettiest part of Cornwall, surrounded by beautiful grounds, the Residence contains some 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, and excellent offices; ample stabling and garage; carriage drive with lodge; well-kept grounds of several acres, including lawns, flower and kitchen gardens. Rent only 200 gns. p.a.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 17,540)

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In a high and healthy position.

AN ARTISTICALLY-DESIGNED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, known as "ONE ACRE," EAST BLATCHINGTON, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices; tennis lawn, rose garden, kitchen garden and grounds, in all of 1 acre.

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GRAVEL SOIL. BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

£1,800 **WILL PURCHASE** this delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY: lounge hall, 2 good reception, bath, 7 bed and dressing rooms; long drive; beautiful pleasure grounds, prolific orchards and pasture-land of

9 ACRES.

Stabling, garage, with man's rooms, cottage, farmery; or the whole estate of 15 ACRES, price £2,100.

QUAINT OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE.
OAK BEAMS, CHIMNEY CORNERS, AND OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

70 MINUTES FROM LONDON ('midst charming rural country, in a good social and sporting district).—3 good reception, billiard, bath, 6 bedrooms; charming pleasure grounds with lawns and flower beds; stabling, garage; farmery and

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Bargain £2,100 Freehold, or would be let Furnished.

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FOR SALE, a charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 large reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, handsome billiard room (all on 2 floors); beautiful pleasure GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER and pasture-land, 13 ACRES; good stabling and motor garage; all in excellent repair. GRAVEL SOIL. Price £3,000, or offer.—Inspected and strongly recommended.

A STUPENDOUS BARGAIN.
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PERFECT ORDER.

BETWEEN TROWBRIDGE AND BATH.—Large lounge hall, 4 handsome and lofty reception, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; gas, main water, gravel soil, stabling, garage, cottages, long drive; fascinating pleasure grounds, with lawns, flower beds, yew hedges, peach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden and 21 ACRES OF PARK-LANDS.

BARGAIN, £3,500.

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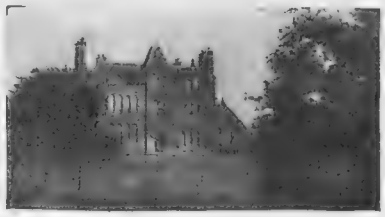

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70 ACRES OF HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK-LANDS.

FREEHOLD, £4,250 (would be sold with 30 acres).—Strongly recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

KENT ('midst beautiful country). — Genuine QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, containing some fine old oak, handsome carved staircase, hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; main drainage, Co.'s water, heating, telephone; excellent stabling, garage.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

in all 5 acres; hunting, shooting, and golf.

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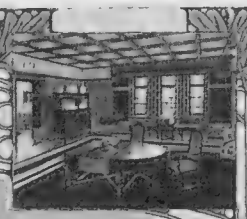

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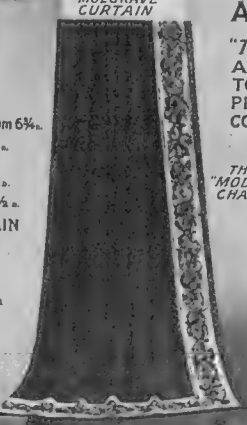

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PLAIN & PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS From 6¾d.
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3¼ Yds. 39/11 per pair.
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THE "MULBERRY" CURTAIN
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3¼ Yds. 33/6 per pair.
Telegrams—
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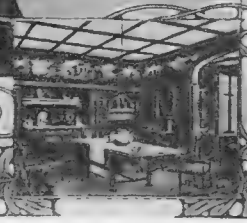
PATTERNS POST FREE



Williamson & Cole LTD.
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM S.W.

HYDE'S COMPLEXION GLOVE

A TOILET NECESSITY **1/6** each

HYDE'S COMPLEXION GLOVES are made of a specially prepared material which has the peculiar property of being able to remove from the skin all the dead cuticle that collects daily. The removal of this dead cuticle leaves the pores of the skin free to perform their natural functions, which is the one and only secret of that **FRESH AND HEALTHY APPEARANCE** of a young child's skin.

They absolutely remove **BLACKHEADS** entirely and **THIN HAIR.**

ONE LADY WRITES: "Many thanks for the 'Complexion Glove,' I like it very much. It leaves such a nice CLEAN feeling, especially as my skin is inclined to be slightly greasy."

It is POSITIVELY the ONLY GLOVE of ITS KIND ON THE MARKET and, if used according to directions, one Glove will last for years.

On sale at Harrods, Ltd., J. Barker & Co., Ltd., Marshall & Snelgrove, Ltd. Wm. Whiteley's, Ltd., Selfridge's, Ltd., D. H. Evans, Ltd., Harvey Nichols Ltd., Army and Navy Co-op. Society, Ltd., Junior Army and Navy Stores, Ltd. Civil Service Co-op. Society, Ltd., Boots Stores, Ltd., and all Stores and Chemists; or post free from the Sole Proprietor—

J. H. HYDE, 22, MONTPELIER PLACE, LONDON, S.W.

Armour-plate your Wrist Watch.

Fit this handy contrivance in a trice to *any* wrist watch; just clasp it under and over—so!—and you've got an armour-plate on your watch that defies breakage. And with the Army Protector your watch is no longer a target for snipers.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Absolutely protects the watch and case and assures safety to the wearer.

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement—closes automatically when released—unobtrusive, and light in weight.

The Army Wrist Watch Protector (as illustrated) can be obtained to fit *any* wrist watch.

Nickel or Khaki Finish, 1/6; Leather Covered, 2/6; Rolled Gold, 3/6. Solid Silver from 6/6; Solid Gold from £3 3s.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send stamps or postal orders direct to *Sales Manager*—

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NEW SPRING BLOUSES
At Popular Prices

Designed and made in our own Workrooms.

DAINTY BLOUSE, in pure silk Crêpe de Chine, entirely hand-made, trimmed with hand veining, box pleat in front finished with hand embroidery, muslin turnover collar and cuffs. In pink, grey, lavender, white, champagne and black.

21/9

Also in good quality Japanese Silk, **18/9**

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15-ct. GOLD & ENAMEL

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All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

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Illustrations show actual size of Brooches. Money returned in full if not approved.

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BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT SUPPLIED AT £2 2 0 each.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from £6 6 0 to £25 0 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Foster Clark's

The worry and expense of providing Soup as a first course has been completely overcome by the introduction of Foster Clark's Soup Squares. They make instantly a variety of the choicest Soups by simply adding water. Each 2d. packet makes 1½ pints of rich nourishing Soup. Seven kinds supplied.

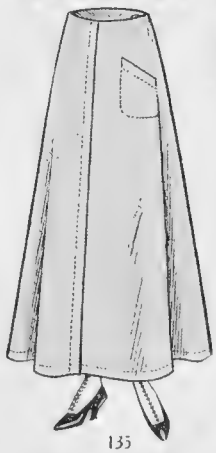
Oxtail	Mulligatawny	Mock Turtle
Lentil	Green Pea and Pea	(Tomato 2½d.)

If served at every meal you will enjoy your meals more, get greater nourishment and require less meat.

SAMPLE POST FREE.—If you cannot obtain of your Grocer send 2d. in stamps for sufficient to make 1½ pints of rich nourishing Soup, or send 1/- for six varieties to Foster Clark, Ltd. (Dept. 30), Maidstone.

SOUP SQUARES

H. A. BEAL



THE NEW FULL SKIRT

In NEW TWEEDS and RAINPROOFED TWILLS

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CREAM & NAVY **13/9**

In Ready-to-Wear Sizes.

Waist	23	24	25	26	27
Length	34	36	38	40	42

Into the Waist—not Corselet.

Or Made to Own Measures. Corselet if desired 1/6 extra.

Trouser Patch Pockets, 6d. each.

The Skirts are only sent to order on receipt of P.O.

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Patterns by return.

287, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. 12 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL

"THE" Military & Mufti Tailor & Breeches Specialist.

207, OXFORD STREET, W., 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

'THE' HOUSE For OFFICERS'

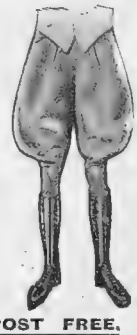
SERVICE DRESS

For IMMEDIATE WEAR OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED

Field Service JACKET from 63/-
SLACKS ,, 21/-
BREECHES ,, 25/-
GREATCOAT ,, 84/-
WARM COAT ,, 63/-
TRENCH COAT ,, 94/6
RAINCOAT ,, 55/-
PUTTEES ,, 6·6
LEGGINGS ,, 25/-

ESTIMATES FOR SERVICE DRESS AND EQUIPMENT



UNEQUALLED VALUE, FIT, & STYLE. FOR SERVICE DRESS and MUFTI.

The Ideal 'HALLZONE' Perfected TRENCH COAT. Guaranteed Wind and Waterproof. Interlined throughout with Oil Silk. From £4/14/6 MODEL COAT Carr. Paid. Chest measure over vest and height.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/-
(As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)

Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' Ideal 'GOLD MEDAL'

21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere for 2&3 Gns.)

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS, SERVICE DRESS, BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED,

A CHARMING OLD COTTAGE

in Kent, with oak beams and large open fireplace. Old-world furniture: 1 large sitting room, 3 or 4 bedrooms; 9 acres of ground, tennis lawn; miniature rifle range; Company's water; only 10 minutes from station; 1 hour from Town; good cook-housekeeper might be left.

5 guineas a week
to careful tenant.

Apply, Mrs. T., 73, Inverness Terrace, London, W.

Trade Mark.

Think in thousands-
of miles and buy

DUNLOPS

The best for re-treading.
The last to need it.

¶ You cannot afford to buy low-priced shirts. They look cheap, feel cheap, and wear badly, so that you are always buying and are never satisfied. Pay the little more and get

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

ALL-BRITISH
Shirts and Pyjamas

Refined appearance, durability, health-value, softness, comfort, and a guarantee of replacement should they shrink. Isn't it worth it?

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER FOR PATTERNS

"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas can only be obtained through Outfitters; but name and address of establishment nearest or otherwise suitable to you will be forwarded by manufacturers upon request; also booklet "A Material Consideration," if desired.

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Wholesale only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

How much MONEY do you WASTE on Coal?

SEE HOW THE "HUE" WILL STOP THE WASTE

You probably have an old-fashioned grate like No. 1, which wastes the coal and gives little heat. Why not convert it into a modern barless fire? The cost is small and the operation simple.

No. 2 is the HUE BARLESS FIRE which effects the transformation. It is adaptable to any existing grate, without pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove.

No. 3 is the same stove showing effect produced by the HUE. More heat is given out in the room with about half the coal consumption. Not mere assertion, but proved by actual tests. The HUE is clean, and hygienic. It has been installed in thousands of private houses, and adopted by the principal Railway Companies, Hotels, and Institutions. Without question it is the most efficient Barless Fire on the market and is equally suitable for large or small rooms. Price from **15/-**

SEND TO-DAY

For beautifully-illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and many other important points.

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,
(Dept. B.), **Stratford, London, E.**

Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their construction can never be satisfactory. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.

Ladies Learn Driving.

1. The Courses embrace just WHAT LADIES NEED TO LEARN.
2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in LONDON.
3. You continue to learn WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE until you are proficient and satisfied.
4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
5. Training for ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB CERTIFICATES our speciality.
6. Licensed Employment Bureau FREE for all PUPILS who require same.

At the **BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Limited.**
Call or write
B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

GENTLEMEN—

I can give you BEST PRICES for your DISCARDED CLOTHES.
Lounge Suits, 6/- to 25/-. Trousers, 2/6 to 7/6.
Cash or estimate sent per return.
I pay all carriage charges.
FLINT'S, St. Martin's Lane, BIRMINGHAM.
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A WRINKLED SKIN.

A wrinkled skin is a starved skin, one in which the pores are clogged with dirt and grime. OATINE will remove all the trouble. It cleanses the pores thoroughly and by restoring the oil to the minute glands beneath the skin it thus enables them to nourish the skin properly so that wrinkles and ugly lines are soon smoothed out.

In White Jars, 1/1½ & 2/3.
Ask for—

Oatine FACE CREAM

GET A JAR AND PROVE ITS WORTH.

To the Nurse

Beetham's La-rola will prove invaluable for keeping the Hands and Arms free from Roughness and Redness. A few drops of

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

applied to the Hands after washing will remove all Roughness and keep the Skin beautifully Soft & Smooth.

In bottles, 1/1½, from all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The Standard remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Helpful Advice to Nursing Mothers

MANY mothers would like to feed their own children, but are denied the privilege of doing so, because they have not sufficient nourishment for them. The 'Allenburys' scientific system of Infant Feeding has provided for all this. When a mother is partly able to feed her baby she may give **The 'Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1** for alternate feeds, so alike are the natural and prepared food in this instance, and this food should be continued until the weaning process has been entirely completed. The mother herself must be well nourished, and to this end may partake freely of the **'Allenburys' DIET** a partially pre-digested milk and wheaten food, which like the Milk Food No. 1, is instantly made ready for use by simply adding *boiling water only.* After childbirth the **'Allenburys' DIET** is surprisingly helpful in maintaining the strength and producing a good flow of rich milk.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The "Allenburys" FOODS
For Infants.

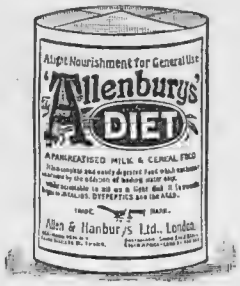
Milk Food No. 1. From birth to 3 months. Tins 1/6 and 3/- each.

Milk Food No. 2 From 3 to 6 months. Tins 1/6, 3/- each

Malted Food No. 3. 6 months upwards In Tins at 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 5/- and 10/- each

The 'Allenburys' Feeder.
The Simplest and Best Feeding Bottle on the Market. Easily cleansed by flushing the tap. In box complete, 1/3.

The "Allenburys" DIET
For Nursing Mothers.



For Nursing Mothers, Invalids Dyspeptics, and the Aged

The DIET is quite distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants. In Tins at 1/6, 3/-, 6/- each

The 'Allenburys' Rusks (Malted)
From 10 months upwards. In Tins at 1/6 and 2/9 each.

Write for a large-sized **Free Sample** *of Food stating age of child and whether Weaned or Unweaned. Also for* **free book "Infant Feeding and Management" 64** *pages of valuable information for every mother.*

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London.

Copyright. Established 1715. F250

Noted Artist's Model Reduces Her Weight 36lbs. in Five Weeks

After having to give up her calling owing to excessive fat, she discovered a Harmless, Drugless Method which gave back to her the figure that made her famous.

Offers interesting Book free, which tells how anyone can easily reduce themselves by this method in their own home without the knowledge of any

DOUBLE CHIN AND FAT HIPS GO QUICKLY.

Illustrated Book Which Explains Her Method Now Offered Free for the First Time. Send for Copy To-day.

Miss Winifred Grace Hartland, the famous artist's model, is again the proud possessor of the ideal figure which made her so popular a model with artists and sculptors the world over.

A year ago she had become so fleshy that she was forced to give up posing. Friends persuaded her to try various fat cures, which she did but without success. Turkish baths, rubber bands, dieting, and tiresome physical exercises were also tried in vain. At last, when nearly at the point of despair, she took the task of removing her fat upon her own self, and after months of trials and repeated failures she eventually discovered a way that reduced her weight at the rate of a pound per day, without the use of drugs, starvation diet, tiresome exercises or other outlandish methods which are often tried, but which invariably prove useless.

It is no trouble, no bother, yet it seems to work like magic. It strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, relieves that stuffy feeling, and reduces double chin, and large stomach quickly and safely. In fact, the general health is improved right from the start. Many of Miss Hartland's customers look from ten to fifteen years younger since they have taken her treatment.

Her method is so simple and harmless that it is a wonder someone has not thought of applying this means long ago. Several of her friends have tried this process with the same astonishing results, and there seems to be no question but that she has hit upon the only safe and sane way ever discovered for over-stout people for removing their excessive fat.

She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of the enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions after losing the shapeliness of her figure through superfluous fat.

The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art. The book is written in extremely fascinating style and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that two *1d.* stamps be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to:

Miss Winifred Grace Hartland,
(Dept. 1026), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

PETTICOATS have been pursuing me this week. And, consequently, I have found myself pondering and approving the amazing "push" of the shop world, once it gets an idea safely in hand as a sound financial proposition. Petticoats were bound to come. Even in these days of daring there was a natural pause before wearing merely *culottes*, surmounted by a skirt of a circumference that was entirely beyond the control of its wearer. And the models that have arrived are, in the common parlance of the day, "some" petticoat. Quite a number are set out on two or three very pliable steels. But these will be looked at and discussed some time yet before they are worn, except by the few. There are heaps of clever subterfuges almost equally capable of supplying the requisite support, one, eminently satisfactory, comprising lines of gradually widening *bouillonnées*, starting somewhere about the knee. Others are given a flow at the hem by ingeniously inserted gores that taper off to nothing, while ruches play a rôle of unmistakable favour, ruches that must absorb an unthinkable amount of silk.

Fantasies of Fashion

In the present somewhat chaotic condition of *modes*, when we are asked to dance from one period to another, the three dresses designed by Paquin, and worn respectively by Miss Yetta Rianza, Miss Madge Saunders, and Miss Fay Compton at the dinner-ball held at the Carlton, February 6, held particular significance. It was entitled "*Un Siècle de Modes Français*," and to Miss Fay Compton was allotted the most surpassingly dainty Louis Seize gown, the short, very full skirt of stiff white taffeta, patterned over at regular intervals with a small brown *broché* design. Above this came very bouffant panniers of shot-emerald green taffetas, and pointed corsage, with square cut *décolletage*, about which fell the lightest and slightest of Maline lace tuckers, elbow sleeves being finished with ruffles of the same lovely *dentelle*.

Rather similar in character, but minus the pannier, was the 1845 creation devised for Mlle. Rianza, in the most exquisite old-world shade of pink, almost covered by a bold *broché* design of velvet. Hanging in front were two shaped sash ends of chiffon, covered with little shaded petals of the same, and hemmed round with a fine vellum-tinted lace. This corsage was, again, close-fitting and pointed, but the *décolletage* was round and dropped right off the shoulders, trimmed with a berthe of lace headed by a closely packed wreath of little chiffon roses. A similar wreath with foliage was worn in the hair.

Miss Madge Saunders' Empire dress stood out in fine distinction from the other two, the long slim skirt of *charmeuse* in a tender yellow tone being lifted high on one side of the front and showing a doublure of salmon chiffon. And with this there went a little coatee of peacock-blue velvet, the front turned back with narrow lapels faced white ottoman, the whole just a trifle severe in outline, but immensely typical of the period.

A NEW CAPE COAT

Designed and produced by Aquascutum, Ltd., the particularly graceful line of which is meeting with instant appreciation. A description of it is given on this page

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

The New Cape Coat

Invested with a quite particular *cachet* and dignity, the result of immaculate cut, style, and finish, a cape coat emanating from Aquascutum, Ltd., is already meeting with the fullest appreciation. The graceful line achieved by the generous flow of the skirt is clearly revealed in Mrs. Dorothy Millar's sketch, together with the various clever details that go towards the consummation of this most desirable garment. A belt starts from somewhere at the sides, which serves to hold the exuberance of the front fullness to the figure, although it is of loose, easy fit, as are likewise the straight inset sleeves. Rising high about the throat, with a decided curl

(*Continued on page* x

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page ix)

over, the collar at once strikes an arresting note by reason of a double-stitched effect, another noticeable feature being slit pockets in the voluminous skirt. Plaids and checks are in considerable evidence among the Aquascutum new materials, and the black and white shepherd's plaid with wide over check of dull green employed for the original of this admirable cape coat is certainly one of the most attractive novelties. At the same time, the Aquascutum people are equally prepared to build their exclusive model in any other of the season's fresh fabrics, although the medium selected strikes an eminently arresting note.

A tentative effort inaugurated some little while ago of building ladies' coats on exactly similar lines to an Officer's Trench Coat met with so much encouragement, that the idea was largely developed, and to-day the Ladies' Trench Coat of Aquascutums' is in such great request for motoring, canteen work, and the numerous outdoor pursuits now adopted by women, that the company is hard put to it to meet the steadily increasing demand. The coat is declared to be the most practicable, comfortable, and durable garment ever produced for women's wear, and those compelled to face all weathers and elements should most decidedly make a bee line for 100, Regent Street, and thoroughly investigate the unrivalled virtues of the Ladies' Trench Coat awaiting inspection there.

This firm is already showing a charming range of early spring coats and skirts, delightfully adaptable models suitable alike to town and country wear. A leading feature with all the skirts is a wide free cut, while the coats, whether of plain or belted shape, evidence that supreme knowledge of sartorial work that characterises every costume and coat turned out by Aquascutum, Ltd.

MISS BERTA MILLS

A well-known musical artiste from Paris, whose beautiful voice will be heard for the first time at the Æolian Hall to-day (Feb. 16). She had accepted an engagement for the Grand Opera season at Cairo when the war broke out

The Value of the Ganesh Treatment

The secret of the success of Mrs. Helena Adair's Ganesh treatment and preparations is to be found in the fact that everything she undertakes is well carried through. Accepting rivalry in the right spirit, Mrs. Adair sees that everything offered to the public is above reproach, submitting all her preparations and treatments to the most severe tests before launching them. Thus her Ganesh strapping treatment is world-famed; while for the properties of the Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil, and the remarkable results achieved by it, either with or without the strapping treatment, no words of praise are too much. That tired look about the eyes, which many women torn with anxiety, or worn out with kind but unaccustomed labours, suffer from nowadays very quickly succumbs to a gentle massage with this Eastern Oil. Yet another simply invaluable application is her Ganesh Eastern Cream for skins that are inclined to be hard and rough. For the most part, the cream is used in conjunction with the oil, the latter acting as the bracing medium, but it can, if preferred, be used alone.

And many who are not aware of its excellence will be glad to hear of Mrs. Adair's "Dara," a reliable home treatment for the removal of superfluous hair. It is vouched to be sure, safe, and painless. Those who are not in a position or lack the time to personally visit the *salon* at 92, New Bond Street, will find a very wealth of useful information in Mrs. Adair's various booklets, that can be had for the asking.

Music at the Front

Quite different in construction from any other talking machine made, the "Decca" Dulcephone is specially suitable for use out at the Front. This has been recognised to such an extent, both by the soldiers themselves and their friends here, that hundreds have been sent to France, Egypt, and elsewhere. Apart from its musical quality—and in tone and clearness of reproduction it equals the most expensive instruments made—the great feature about the "Decca" is its portability. It can be carried with ease anywhere, and with its aid "Tommy," like the young lady in the nursery rhyme who rode to Banbury Cross, can have music wherever he goes.

The War and the Food Problem

For most people the mere enunciation of the words "Fortnum and Mason" suffices to conjure up pleasing visions of good things. Nor should the need for studying economy cause one to forget that Messrs. Fortnum and Mason are not renowned by any means exclusively for what are somewhat loosely termed the luxuries of the table. Their articles of everyday consumption are equally sought after, because it is recognised that they are of the very best, and that the buying of them means money well spent. In this connection it is useful to note that the firm are issuing a special war catalogue, which is obtainable on application from 182, Piccadilly, W.

A Children's Egg Week

Of the 13½ million eggs collected for our wounded men in hospital, it is estimated that a very large proportion is the work of children, and it cannot be too widely known that the success of the National Egg Collection for the Wounded is in a very great measure due to the untiring work of the young people of Great Britain and Ireland. In view of this it has been decided to hold a Children's Egg Week, which will be from February 21 to 28. Every child throughout the country is invited to help, and all those desirous of doing so are requested to communicate with the nearest depot manager at the earliest possible moment, or to write to the hon. secretary, Mr. R. J. Dartnall, at 154, Fleet Street, E.C. It will be remembered that when H.M. Queen Alexandra (the Patron) paid her last visit to the Head Depot of the Organisation, nothing interested and pleased her more than the account of the Children's work, the messages they had written on the eggs to the wounded men in Hospital, and the many hundred letters received by them in answer. A selection of these letters are published every week by *Eggs Wanted*, the official journal of the National Egg Collection. Will the Children equal the Million Egg Week? If work and enthusiasm go for anything, they will.

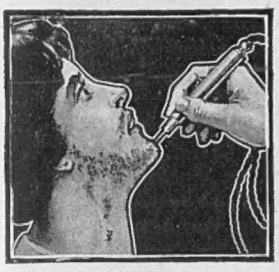
NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

HOW TO KILL and PERMANENTLY DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions and similar remedies should be avoided.

To Readers of "The Bystander."

At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies affect surface hair, which soon grows again.



A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc. had all failed.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papillæ may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove: but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of *The Bystander* cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a penny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed envelope full particulars without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential. K. B. FIRMIN, (Suite 1255S), 133, Oxford Street, London, W.

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent.
Unobtainable Elsewhere.
Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Price 9½ Gns.

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THE MENU

EGGS AND THEIR TREATMENT

THE French make all manner of dainty dishes from eggs, and now that they are, fortunately, getting a little cheaper, an egg course is not only tasty and appetising, but makes a valuable addition to the menu, whilst meat is still so very high in price. Baked eggs are nice cooked by the recipe given below.

Baked Eggs

Melt a little butter in a baking-dish, and carefully slip the required number of eggs into it without breaking the yolks, sprinkle salt, pepper, and a little chopped parsley on the top of each egg, also a small piece of butter, put the dish into a quick oven till the whites are set, which will be in from three to five minutes. If preferred the little casserole cups can be used.

Eggs à la Tripe

Slice up one large or two medium-sized Spanish onions, parboil them in water, drain them, and finish cooking them in milk, slightly salted. When done, drain them on a sieve, and make a thick Béchamel Sauce with the milk in which the onions have been boiled, and add, if possible, one gill of cream. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg. Slice six hard-boiled eggs, and mix with the onions in the sauce, lightly stirring the whole on the stove, with a wooden spoon. Place the eggs and onions on a dish, surrounded by a border of sippets of toast, and decorate with a good sprinkling of chopped parsley over the top.

Eggs and Spaghetti

Throw ½ lb. of spaghetti into boiling salted water, and cook fast for twenty minutes. Drain in a colander. Have ready six or eight hard-boiled eggs and some tomato sauce which has been thickened with ½ oz. of butter, rolled in ½ oz of flour. Cut the eggs in quarters, and warm them in the tomato sauce. Arrange the spaghetti in a circle on a hot dish. Put the eggs in the centre, scatter chopped parsley over, and serve.

Eggs with Oyster Sauce (American Recipe)

Scald ten oysters in their own liquor. Remove them, and cut in little pieces. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs, and lay on slices of toast in a broad shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on top, and put the dish in a hot oven for two or three minutes.

Eggs and Tomatoes

Bake and skin some tomatoes, cut them up, and pass through a sieve. Put 1 oz. of butter into a stewpan, having rubbed the bottom slightly with garlic; whilst it is getting hot over the fire, put in the tomatoes with a dessertspoonful of chopped onions and two capsicums. Beat up three eggs, add them to the tomatoes, with salt and pepper to taste, keep stirring till nearly dry, when they are done, and should be dished up in the form of a pyramid.

Creamed Eggs with Mushrooms

Beat up five eggs, season them with salt and pepper, add two tablespoonsful of milk (or cream), and ½ oz. of butter. Stir this over the fire in a fireproof casserole till nearly set; then add twelve finely chopped mushrooms (previously tossed in butter), and a little chopped parsley. Continue to stir the mixture over the fire for another minute or two; then dish up on buttered squares of toast and serve.

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